

1593.

DAVIDS

SAIING againſt
great GO-
LIATH.

Containing diuers no-
table Treatiſes, the
Names whereof fol-
low next after the
Epistle to the
Reader.

by B. M.

Mar. 26. 92.

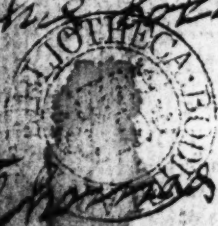
Wash and pray.

Printed by B. Cardley
and Peter Short.

*Cum privilegio Regie
Majestatis.*

1732

Thomas Hewett
his book 1732



Thomas Hewett
his book 1732

William
Hewett his E
Book of October
the 6 1766

[Decorative flourish]

32

To the Right Worshipfull
Sir George Calueley knight,
High Sheriffe of the Countie
Palatine of Chester: in-
crease of wor-
ship, &c.



He earth being the
common mother and
milch-masse of all
living creatures
furnishes forth and dis-
pents forth a most
gentle manure, yel-
deth a more more
plentiful crop of increase, than can pos-
sibly be measured, than ever at the hand
of the husbandman in sowing is re-
ceiued. A pithie perswasion to thankfu-
nesse, and such a notable motive to humi-
lity, as a better, no nor the like, can be
devised or imagined.

The consideration whereof, Right
Worshipfull, sinking into mine under-
standing, and compared with the many
fold curtesies, which continually have
issued from you, to my no small comfort

THE EPISTLE.

and commoditie hath incensed & set me on fire, though not as I would, yet as I could, to shewe some manifest signe and argument, that I have your Worshippes goodnesse in freshe and dailie memorie: which although I dare not vowe to requite, yet wil I do what I can in some respect to de'terue.

Vouchsafe ther efore, Right Worshipfull, in the meane time, since I haue no pretious mines, to accept and like wel of this my simple mite: simple I confesse in common valuation: but pretious I dare auouch, in sound iudgement and reason. A booke it is which a kinsman of mine, not so neere as deere vnto mee, at my vrgent request bestowed vpon mee in writing for my priuate vse, and peculiar exercise.

Wherof when I had marked the commoditie, and sawe that to communicate the same vnto the flocke of the faithfull, were much better, and more thanksworthie, than to keepe it at home in my coffer impounded as my proper possession, and portion of my patrimonye: I was won and perswaded, at the importunate sute and instance of fundrie my trustie friends, who vpon circumspect perusing of the same, gaue it due and deserued commendation, to consent and agree, *Authore agra ferente, & prosus inuito*, that it

DEDICATORIE.

it should bee published for the common benefite of the multitude.

Very loth I was, I speake my conscience, to offend my kinsman and friend in anye pointe of presumption : and muche more loath, I vtter my secret thought, to greeue any godlie and deuout soule, by detaining any thinge, the vse whereof might increase their comfort. But beyng assaulted, as I was, incessantlie, with vehement perswasions and not able with al my fine wits, to withstand their weakest reason, I became willing to bee ordered and ruled, as they by discretion mighte dispose me in so honest a request.

The same not in writing, Right Worshipful, as I had it : but in printe, as you haue it, being the firstlings of a Cheshire wit, gathered in a famous seedeplot of great learning and profound knowledge I present vnto you with suche submission as becometh an inferiour to his superiour, a clyent to his patrone, a welwiller to his benefactor.

Beseeching you, of your accustomed curtesie, that as you haue from time to time beene, not onely an earnest fauourer and furtherer of godlie and zealous men, but also a supporter and mainteyner of vertuous and Christian meanings, so it would please you, with your title of credit and countenance, as with a shield,

THE EPISTLE.

to defend this religious worke, againſte
the darts of the malicious : that vnder-
propped with ſo ſtrong a pillar, and ar-
med with ſuch furniture of munition and
deſenſe, it may haue ſafe conduction and
free paſſage, euen through the middeſt of
Gods enimies, and ſo come to the hands
of the wel diſpoſed and deuout.

Thus abruptlie concluding, I commit
your Worſhip, and al yours, to the tuition
and ſafeguard of him, who neuer faileth
his; the Lord God almightie, who as hi-
therto he hath, ſo hereafter he will,
euen vntil the day of your death,

I doubt not bleſſe you with
the dew of heauen, I
meane his grace:
wherevnto I
ſay Amen.

Your Worſhip

for ſundry cauſes

moſt deuotiſſimely bound,

WILLIAM BAKER



The Epistle to the Reader.

Our aduersarie the diuel is watchfull a lion to deuoure man, that (as Peter speaketh) he roareth and rurneth about seeking by al means possible to deuoure him. Thus his gredynesse to swallowe vs ought to bee a sufficient moeue to make man warie, and a forceable meane to raise him out of the dangerous bed of sinne: wherein we daylye, yea, and almost hourly committe spirituall fornication with the

Besides this, at baptisme our surties in our behalfe, did make their protestation before God the father, and mother Ierusalem, that we should leaue the whorish embracings of Satan, and marrie our selues holmes oft to Christ no lesse carefull than be in the vntie of the covenant mercifully did offer himselfe with all his precious iawels at baptisme.

This marriage was solemnly celebrated by God the father, in the wombe of the virgine

TO THE READER.

Marie: but at baptisme, wee in our owne persons doe as it were ratifie it: protesting that Christ shal be our husband, and that from that time we wil take our farewel of the dyuell, the world, the flesh and al our enemies:

Thus being married before such witnesses, we cannot reclaime our league of chastitie, vnllesse we wil h. me God himselfe, and our mother the Church, and Christ himselfe with al his holie spouse, to beare witness of condemnation against vs, to the ioy of Satan our capital aduersarie.

And therefore where the diuel is called a Dragon with seven heads for his subtilty: and ten hornes, for his crueltie: and now is dust and ashes by nature prone to euill, and therefore unable to withstand him: it behoueth him to take that for his weapon which may keepe him safe from the inuasion of Satan: and use that remedie, whereby he may preserue himselfe from perjury, and that is prayer.

Wherefore, when man is environed with enemies, when a guilty conscience warreth against him, when the world by falshood, and the flesh by her allurements is about to deceiue him: then it standeth him vpon to take prayer in hande, that hee maye bee able to conquer al those monstrous Hydras or rather decessful whors, which trim and furnish themselves some way or other, to make Christ our Saviour a w. dove.

And truly if that man would deeply consider with himselfe, either that he is a perim-

TO THE READER.

red person that giueth place to the Diuell: or that he dooth to his power make Christ a weeping widdowe, as cursed Ierusalem did: or that Satan by trapping him in his whoorish trickes did utterlie undoe him: it woulde not onely inuise him, but euen enforce him to prayer, which is the onely meanes that is able to keepe vs true and faithfull wiues to Christ Iesus.

And therefore the Lord our gracious Saviour weighing with himselfe not so much mannes naughtinesse, for the which hee deserueth a diuorcement: as Satans woonderous pollitic, and his mothers wombe wherein he married vs, and baptisme, wherein he dooth appaile vs with his righteousness, as glorious brides, least that wee should play the harlots to our own harme, & home he had bought with his precious blood, he willeth and as it were beseecheth vs, to take prayer, and so to take assistance, that wee may liue chaste from al sinne, euen his for ever.

Come vnto me, saith he, al ye that are heavy and laden, and I wil refresh you. Behold, notwithstanding our diuers and sundrie fornications committed with Satan: yet the Lorde our gracious husband calleth vs vnto him, & not willing to diuorse vs: and intreateth vs to prayer, that knowing and acknowledging our owne weaknes, to withstand the whoorish intisements of the Diuell, we may desire him our head to help and assist vs.

And truelie, as for prayer, we ought so much the more readilie to vse it, because by it wee

TO THE READER.

pearse the heauens, because by it we come into the Groomes chamber, and flie as with winges into the lap of our louing husband Iesus. And what honest wife would not flie to hir husband, when an harlot seeketh to abuse hir?

Sith therefore Satan euen from the wombe by harlotish trippings seeketh to withdrawe us from so louing an husband as Christ Iesus, who shed his owne precious hart bloud to redeeme us: then, whensoever he attempteth to trap vs, it shall be our best safety to leape into his wounds and to runne into his bosome by seruent & faith full praier, that being married to him in the verue of the couenant, we may continue chaste to the end.

Otherwise, if being tempted we suffer him to ouertempt us: we shew our selues not onelie despisers of his bloud, but also prophaneers of so holie a marriage, which was kept by the blessed and glorious Trinitie in the wombe of the virgine Marie.

And with what face shall wee present our selues before so louing an husband as Iesus Christ at the day of iudgement, if that we yeeld heere to the intising Diuell, and doe not by continual and hartie praier aske assistance that we may continue as chaste wines, to liue with him in ioy for euer.

Wherefore, where Christ our husband crieth Come: if we will be counted his wines, and no whores, let vs without lingring, alwaies repaire vnto him in faithfull praier, and let vs talke

TO THE READER.

talke with him in his glorious chamber, and beseech him, as he is a louing husband, that he wil take pittie vpon vs, and bestowe vpon vs the gift of spirituall chastitie, that so wee may be defended from the whorish Pharas, whoe goeth about by al meanes to make him a desolate widowe.

But if man be stricken downe with the lawe, and the temptation of his unworthines withdraw him from presenting his prayers vnto the Maiestie of God: then must hee consider the curssed Cananite, who being a cur dog, by the testimonie of Christ, yet making his appeale vnto him, founde some crums of comforte at his hande, and so was exalted to the childrens table: looke vpon this example, and let this suffice. The vse of the booke I commit to thy discretion, to apply the same vnto

thy soule for thy succour of
the same in necessity,
and to thy bodie,
as occasion
is mis-
stred

Farewel in Christ.

E. H.

THE
 NAMES AND NUM-
 ber of the Treatises com-
 prised in this booke: and
 where they are to bee
 found by the
 page.

- 1 **D** Auids Sling against Great
 Goliah. pag. 1
- 2 A Sword against the feare of
 death. 173
- 3 A battel betweene the Diuell
 and the conscience. 113
- 4 The dead mans Schoole. 225
- 5 A lodge for Lazarus. 243
- 6 A retrait from sinne. 285
- 7 A praier vnto Almightye God,
 that the vse of this booke
 may be for our pro-
 fit, made by
 A. F. pag.
 329.



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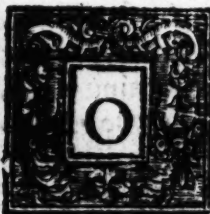
DAVIDS SLING

againſt great

Goliath.

The i. Morning

praier.



Moſte Gra-
tious GOD,
the Father of
all happines,
and fountain
of al goodnes

O wellſpringe of mercie that
art wont beyond merit to diſ-
plaie the banners of thy fauor,
and vnlocke the cloſet of thy
benefits, not onlie to the nec-
die Adamite, but generallie to
all: I am a curſſed Canaanite,
euen

euē a dog vnworthie to sit at
the table of thy children, or to
wait for the crums & ofskum
of their meat O Lord. But not-
withstanding al this, my Lord
and my God, I hope thou wilt
not whip me out of thy house,
but of a dog make me thy dild
by adoption in thy son Christ,
whoe came into this thornie
worlde like a morning starre,
to guide al straieng dogges to
their maisters palace. The wo-
man of Canaan, she confessed
hir'selfe a dog. Paul was a Saul,
such a cur dog as sought by his
teethe to teare the lambes of
thy pasture, ô Lord: both these
dogs did wander in the night
of error, and straie from thee
theyr mayster, to Satan thine
enemie,

enimie, and their aduerlarie.
But thy sonne, mine only ioy,
of meerc mercie became a star
to conduct them againe vnto
thee: and so I trust thou wilt
deale with me, O God of com
fort, and father of mercie. I doe
not doubt but that as I wander
in the field of vanitie, so thou
wilt recall mee by the light of
thy Gospell, by the beames of
thy sunne to thine house, there
to dwell with thee for euer, A-
men.

The 2. Morning praier.

WHat is this worlde
O Lord? it is euill.
it is a pallace of
vaine pleasure, a
cage of iniquitie, or rather a
lumpe

lumpe of myserie . And what
am I Lord ? what am I but a
friende of this presente euill
world, and an enimie to thee ?
what am I but a child of wrath
and sonne of darknes, so glued
to sinne, and lymed with ini-
quitie, that my bodie is a body
of sinne ? What then shal I dō ?
shall the mountaine of sinne
oppres me ? or the world with
the baites of vanitie so choke
mee, that I shall neuer like an
egle flie to the carcase ? nor be
able to crie for helpe to thee
the onely morning star, which
art woont to spread soorth the
beames of comforte vnto the
needie in time of extremitie ?
O Lord giue me wings of faith
to flie vnto thee , and powre
vpon

vpon me the dewe of thy blessing, that I may bud and beare the fruite of holinesse, through the operation of thy gracious beames. Giue-mee thy grace that I faile not in my vocation that I may doo good, & eschew euyll, and so make good that vowe, which I made vnto thee in baptisme before beloued Si on. Saue me from falling, and stay my feet from slipping, by thy holy worde, which is the glasse of thy will, & a lanterne to all them that walke in darknesse, that beeing guided ouer this mistie worlde, I may arriue at the Land of promise and palace of rest in a liuely faith, Amen.

The

The 3. Morning prayer.

O Wretch that I am
who shall deliuer
mee from this bo-
dy of sin? oh what
shall I doe? shall I saye with
Caine that mine iniquities are
greater than can be remitted?
shall the mist of mine iniqui-
ties choake me? shall the sur-
ging waues of mounting sinne
drowne me? or shal I sinke in
the pit of desperation? noe: I
wil not. For the sunne of mer-
cie can disperse the thick myst
and great cloude of mine ini-
quitie: the parching beame of
thy sunne O Lord, is not onlie
able to calme, but also to drie
vp the angrie floud of sinne:
and

and so to dash the ship of Satan that diuelish pirat against the sands. So that no storme of the Diuel shal ouerturne mee, no raging blaste of sinne shall dismaie me, no thundercracke of biting conscience shal sinke the little barke of my weake faith, which is grounded vpon a rocke, and ouercommeth the world. Indeed if I were left to my selfe, then were there noe waie but sinkinge and shipwracke: but thanks be to thee O gracious god for it, thou hast not left me to my self to wade in the Gulfe of desperation; but thou hast spred soorth the beames of thy mercie, and by the heate of thy charitie dreyed the gulfe, and kept mee from dan-

danger: to thee therefore be
all glorie, Amen.

The 4. Morning praier.



He glorious face
of the sunne, which
sheweth it selfe, &
casteth his beames
ouer the whole world, I take it
for an argument and earnest
penie of thy good wil towarde
thy children: in the number
of whome I account my selfe,
though cheefe of sinners, and
not worthie to lose the latchet
of thy sonnes shooe. For if we
enioye suche a benefite in this
strange countrie together with
thine enemies: then what ioy-
ous sightes, what store of thy
goodnes shall wee reape in our
natu-

natural countrie, the blissetfull
land of Canaan, where we shal
not behold this worldly sunne
and eie of the world, but thee,
euen thee, good Lord, face to
face, the sunne of glorye, and
onelie starre of maiestie? Such
ioyes, O Lord, shal we haue in
the beholding of thee, as ney-
ther eie hath scene, nor eare
hath heard, nor hart euer con-
ceiued. Such ioys I say, as passe
the reach, not onelie of man,
but also of Aungels and arch-
aungels to esteeme of. Blessed
are the doore keepers of this
house of ioye, where thou, O
Lorde, the sunne of righteous-
nes doost most clearely spread
forth the beames of thy diuine
maiestie. Ah! how long shal I
liue

liue in prison? how long shall I
iournie in this bodie of sinne,
before I see thee? Lord, let thy
kingdome come. Come Lord
Iesus, come I beseech thee; A-
men.

*The 1. Euening
praier.*

O Lorde, it is of mer-
cie without merite
that I am a branch
of the vyne Iesus :
that I am thy house, and tem-
ple of the holie Ghost. It is of
iustice that thou haste appoin-
ted thine house to be a place of
praier : and of dutie therefore
that we should pray vnto thee.
For thus O Lord I thank thee,
that

that thou hast made mee thy
childe to lodge thee, and I ac-
knowledge that of dutie I am
bounde to serue thee. But giue
me O Lorde, the grace of thy
spirite to conduct mee in the
waie of thy wil, clense or cre-
ate a new hart within me, that
I may be a fit lodging for thee,
and yeelde vp the sauourie sa-
crifice vnto thee, which thou
requirest of euerye Christian,
I meane the sacrifice of prayer
the sacrifice of the heart, which
sauoureth sweetelic vnto thee,
And at this time in hope of the
assistance of thy spirit, I desire
thee, that as thou hast of mer-
cie couered me this day vnder
thy winges of safetie: so thou
wilt defend and keepe me this
night

night from storming Sathan,
who is wont, not onlie by day
but also and that especially by
nighte, to vndermine man,
when his senses are fettered in
bandes of rest. But I doo hope
good Lorde, that as I am then
most vnable to withstande the
buffets of Satan, so thou wilt
be most readie to succour me:
partlye bicause thereby thou
shalt vnlocke the rich cheft of
thine infinite mercie, and part-
lye because thou louest euerye
thinge which thy handes haue
made. I will laye me downe
therefore in hope of thy pro-
tection, to whom be al glorie,
Amen.

The

The 2. Evening prayer.

O Moste mightie and
wise God, powr in-
to me aboundantie
the oile of thy grace
vnfetter my stammering toong,
that I may vtter, and vnrippe the
strings of my blind & want hart,
that I may sufficrentlie conceiue
the infinitenes of thy fauour vnto
me. But what shoulde I saie of
thine infinite goodnesse, which
thou haste shewed vppon mee?
where shall I beginne, or where
shall I ende to discourse of thy
mercie? I was nothing, and what
did mooue thee to make mee a
manne endued with reason, and
whie not a tree, a frog, a beast?

Br.

I

I am brought to a nonplus, O
Lorde what shall I saie ? I did
disgrace thy goodnes, and doo
deface by my dailie sinnes the
image of innocencie, so that I
was not onely borne wrapped
in damnable estate, but also
daily incur the danger of dam
nation: and yet doost thou vn
derprop mee in the promised
seede, in that blessed seede of
Abraham, euen thine own and
one only beloued sonne Iesus
Christ, by whom thou hast re
deemed mee. My bodie and
soule were maruelously eclips
ed for want of grace, and are
dailie filthied in the puddle of
iniquitie, the reward whereof
was death. But what mooued
thee I being a cast away, euen
thine

thine vtter enimie to wash and
bathe me in the streame of thy
sonnes pretious bloud ? I can-
not tell good Lorde, it was thy
mercy : to thee therefore bee
the glorie both now and euer,
Amen.

The 3. Euening prayer.

O Good G O D, the
sun is gon downe,
the web of this day
is spun almost, and
night is at hand. After day suc-
cedeth night, after light dark-
nes, after faire weather a cloudy
firmament and frowning
element. There is a mysterie
locked in this, good God ; for
thereby thou doest lesson vs of
our mortalitie. Our birth and

life is like the daie : our Death
is like the night : as the day peri-
sheth, so dooth our life vannishe
with the vapour : and as night
succeedeth the daie , so death
followeth life , the tearme and
period of these our daies. ô sweet
Iesus of thy mercie beat this les-
son into my head , and roote it
firmclie into my heart, and take
away the vaile from my minde,
that I may not onelie know and
acknowledge, but hourelve re-
member that I am mortall. For
it would bee a bridle to restraine
and keepe me from raunging li-
centioullie, and a spurre to incite
mee to liue holilie all the conti-
nuance of this my pilgrimage.
Thy spirit hath spoken it : saieng,
Remember thine end, and thou
shalt

shalt neuer perish. Giue mee
therefore thy grace that I may
remember faithfully the night
of this my bodye, when I shall
 sleepe in the bosome of the
earth, til y trumpet shall sound
& cal me to iudgement. Help
mee Lorde before this night.
Lord saue me or else I perishe
Amen.

The 4. Euening praier.

O Louing Lorde of
labouring and la-
den heartes, looke
downe with the
eye of thy pittie, see the altar of
the crosse, where thy sonne,
thine onelie beloved babe is
slaughtered. Behold, O father
of heauen his hands and feete

bored, his head crowned with
thornes, his thirst quenched
with vineger, his side wound-
ded and streaming bloud; at-
tend deere father, the crie of
his bloudie sweat, his long fa-
sting, his great patience, his
bodie racked and crucified, all
crie vnto thee for mercie, for
mercie: father, O father fauour
and pardon him. This is the
trumpetor of ioy, this is he that
bloweth the blast of comfort
and soules solace: heare him
heare O Lord: attend not my
life, mark not my steps, for my
life is vnsauorie and my steps
are crooked; let the crie of thy
bleeding babe moue thee to
mercie and put thee in minde
of thy covenant, that in him all
the

the nations of the world shuld
be blessed, Blesse me, O Lord,
better me with the dew of thy
blessings, and let the drops of
thy sonnes bloud by a liuelye
faith distill into my heart, and
fructifie it with workes woor-
thy repentance I beseech thee,
Amen.

*A praier for all times against the
power of Satan.*



He Diuel O Lord,
like a roring Lion,
runneth aboute in
euerie corner, hee
lurketh, and euer he gapeth to
deuoure the lambes of thy pa-
sture. He is an enimie not one-
lie readie to deuoure vs, but al-

so able to catch vs in the snare
of iniquitie against thy diuine
maiestie, For dailie do we eat
the sower grape of nature, and
sauer of vnseasoned & rotten
Adam, in whose sinfull act we
are wrapped by desert in con-
demnation, and become bond
slaues of Satan, vnlesse thou, O
Lord do season our harts with
the oile of thy grace, and wash
vs in the water of thy mercie,
that being clensed from sinne,
and made as white as snowe
with the merits of thy sonne,
the diuel may lose his ritle, and
forget his obligation that hee
had against vs, & wee be quit-
ted from his tyrannie. We be-
seech thee therefore, ô gracious
father of Heauen, with thy
power

power to bridle satan, and in thy mercie to beare with vs, with thy might to maister him, and in thy grace to graffe vs in Iesus the liue lie vine of mercie, that growing in him no storme may be able to tosse and ouerturne vs we besech thee, Amen.

Another.

DAielie, O Lorde, doo wee passe the limittes of thy wil: we sinne at the least seuen times a day and pledge mother Eue in the dregs of nature. This is the frailetie of the fleshe, and this is the weakenes of al Adams issue: a miserable case, ô Lord, vnlesse in thy mercie thou wilt wrap vs & couer the nakednes of nature with the white raiment of grace,

b 5.

that

that we being thine maye neuer despaire for any brunt of storming Satan, be it neuer so perillous. LORDE saue vs, in thy mercie saue vs, haue pittie and compassion vpon vs, and marke not our steps, which are crooked, but cast the eie of thy fauour vpon thy sonne Christ, who was content to suffer the bleeding paines of the crosse to satisfie thy wrath, & to deliuer vs from the stinge of an hellie conscience. We beseech thee therefore O louing Lord, not to obserue our iniquities, but to wash vs from the guiltines of sinne in the flood of thy mercies, and so to saue vs, that being dead in iuiquitie, and yet saued of thine infinite pitie,

tie, we may giue all glory vnto thee, and sing with our mother the Church, that saluation on-ly belongeth to thee, Amen.

*A praier for al afflicted
Christians.*

Great are the troubles of the righteous, O Lorde, and many they be that arise against thee and thine anointed, like wolues to reare them and butchering Herods to behead and dispatch them. Euen for thy sake, O Lord, are thy children brought to the slaughterhouse, for the testimonie of thy trueth are they tied in bands, and beaten with wandes daielie. Vp Lord, arise
and

and strike thine enimies vpon
the cheeke bone, lifte vp thy rod
of iron, and dashe the vnfaui-
rie and sower vessels of iniquitie
in peeces, with thy sanne scatter
the chaffe, and gather thou thy
corne into the garner of ioy, Let
it bee beaten, but let it not bee
broozed with the thresholde of
this tyrannous Wolfe, that bee-
ing freed from the chaffe of Na-
ture, and seuered from the cocle
of euill and wicked liuers, it may
be found with the lost goat, and
laide vppe in thy treasure of eter-
nal pleasure for euer. Doo thy
good wil, O gracious God, beat
them, beate them and buffet vs
sharpe lie, O Lorde, so thou saue
vs of thy mercie, and plucke vs
out of Daunger by the hande of thy

thy mightie power, proppe vs
with thy power, that wee maye
magnifie thee of thy mercy, A-
men.

Another.

THE mountains of this wic-
ked worlde are manye and
mightie, O Lorde, and little is
the flocke of thy sheepe. The
mountaines are euen partched
with furie against thy congrega-
tion, to presse with the weight of
their tyrannie the babes of thy
familie. Awake vp therefore O
Lorde, sleepe not, slumber not,
but awake and defeate their ima-
gined mischiefe, as thou hast pro-
mised, that they that trust in thee
shal be as mount Sion, which cā-
not be remooued. Suffer them to
beat

beat vs, y^e we might liue godlie
in thee: but so let them buffet
vs, that they neuer ouermaster
vs, that according to thy pro-
mise, as mount Sion wee maie
not be moued. Giue vs grace
to trust in thee whatsoeuer be-
tide vs, and neuer to start from
thee, whatsoeuer smart we suf-
fer that continuing to the end
wee may be blessed with thee
foreuer. And for the moun-
tains of this world, either euen
them with the vally and babes
of thy familie, or else pare and
partch them with the beames
of thy iudgement. Thy wil bee
don O Lord, thy kingdome
come, and saue vs we
beseech thee, A-
men.

A

*A praier for the
Queene.*

O Louing God, wee
thanke thee for the
great care, which
thou hast ouer thy
Church. She hath bene tossed
with the waues of this worlde,
and the preaching of thy word
did suffer shipwrack: but now
O Lord, now of meere mercie
thou hast repaired the broken
hart of Ierusalem, and gladden-
ed our harts with the wine of
comfort. For thou hast ap-
pointed a mother ouer Sion,
to cherish and defend hir from
al hir storming aduersaries: so
that by hir meanes we are fre-
ed from the slauerie of the Ro-
mish

missh Pharao, and salued from
the sore of heresies, wherewith
thy deere espouse was most gree
uouslie troubled. O Lorde con
tinue this weede-hooke in her
hande, that she may throughlie
cleanse thy garden. Let thy wil
and gracious plesure be hir scep
ter and target, against the frow
ning band of cloudie Saules. Al
waies erect and pitch about her
the tents of thy fauour, that no e
uill betide hir, or daunger annoy
her. Clippe her in thy sweete
armes, and kisse her in mercie, &
be not thou angrie with hir, but
continue her a fauourable nurse
to little Dauid, that hee maye
growe in all faith and holynesse,
vntill hee be a perfect manne in
Christ Iesus. Lorde saue her in
thy

thy mercie , and deliuer her
from al euil, Amen.

*A praier for all Magi-
strates.*

Crooked is the way
of al flesh, O father
of heauen , and o-
uerplētious would
the haruest of weedie nature
be, vnlesse it were lopped and
minished by the weedhooke
of thy maiestrates, whom thou
hast appointed as gods vnder
thee to keepe thy garden clene
from all noisome and stinking
hearbs. Clense them, O Lord,
and plant a new spirite within
them, that aboue all things fa-
uouring thy Gospel, they may
bend al their endeouours to the
che-

cherishing of thy holy Church,
and maintenance of the truth,
without the which no mā shal
liue and see thee. Giue them
grace to labour diligently in
thy vineyard, to mowe downe
the haruest of sinne, & neidher
for feare or flatterie to starte
backe from their dutie : but
without all discouragement to
vse thy will as an axe, to cutte
downe the roote that withereth
and beareth nothing but
a perished stocke and barrayn
branches; that the ded boughs
of iniquitie beeing broken off,
the branches of thy sonne Ie-
sus may without let or hinder-
rance spread forth the sweete
leaves of thy sauourie grace,
and beare in hart the frutes of
thankes.

thankesgiuing, which is pleasant & acceptable in thy sight, Amen.

*A generall confession
of sinnes.*

FAther ADAM, O Lorde, gaue the first onfet, & none of vs his children haue broken the arraie. The serpent counselled, Eue gaue the apple to Adam, & so both sinned against thy diuine maiestie. As for vs the naturall branches of this rotten stocke, one of the same stampe shall speak: We are borne in sinne, and conceiued in iniquitie, so that wee be damned by merit, before we be borne. But yet, o Lord,

Lorde wee confesse it, to our comfort and thy glorie, that thou hast concluded all vnder sinne, that thou mightest haue mercie on all, and al glorie be giuen to thee. We confes our selues lost, wee are lost grotes, and lost sheepe : but this is the sole ioy of our hearts, that thy sonne came to seeke & to saue that was loste. So that though we be lost in our selues, yet we are founde in thy sonne, who came into this worlde to salue sinners. This is thy vnderfrewed goodnes O Lord, to loue thine enimies, to saue vs that haue euen from the womb rebelled againste thy diuine Maiestie, euen before we were borne to saue vs, by the death of thine
only

oneliē begotten son, and to prepare a ioyous kingdome for vs, before the beginning of y world
Therefore O Lorde, what shall we crie but shame, shame vpon vs, an axe to the roote, and an axe to vs all the withered branches of rotten Adam by desert. For glorie and power dominion and Maiestie, saluation and mercie is oneliē thine, and of thee: of the which mercie saue vs we beseech thee, Amen.

Another.

WE are all publicans, O Lorde: open the eares of thy fauour vnto our crie, and haue mercie vpon vs, haue mercie vpon vs. We sinne daily, but yet saue vs of thy pittie, saue

saue vs, oh saue vs, and shewe
thy compassion vppon vs. Let
vs not die a Iudas death, let vs
neuer tune the doleful song of
Cain: but ingraue in our hart,
a full & liuely faith in thee, that
neuer doubting of thy bounti-
ous mercie, wee may with a
free conscience set Satan at
defiance and all his hellyshe
bande. Pittifull Iesu heare this
our crie, and sense vs with thy
grace against the gaping de-
uill, who roreth of crueltie and
lurketh in euerye Corner of
malicious subtiltie, to trap and
to snare, to take and to teare vs
with the Clawes of his furie
and mercilesse enuie. Fence
vs with faith againste him, O
Lord, laie the plaister of com-
fort

fort to our wounded consciences, & couer vs with the wings of thy fauour that we may liue and die in thee and so be blessed, Amen.

A praier for humilitie.



Tis thine owne Lesson, O Sauour Iesus : Be humble and meek, as I am: it is thy worde also: My sheep heare my voice . But Lorde, what shall I doo? the fleshe is proude, I dailie rebell against thy holie wil, I enuie my superiours, I loue not mine equals, I despise mine inferiours. This is the frute of the flesh O Lord Death, death: but thou art loue and

and life, O louing Iesus. And therefore I beseech thee of thy tender loue to pitieme, to indue me with the spirit of humblenes, that being poore in spirit, I may with the little ones of thy kingdome be blessed & liue for euer. O Lorde, for the auoidance of pride, giue mee thy grace to consider, that by it an Angell became a diuel, and man was excommunicate from the paradise of pleasure. Desire of souereigntie begate the diuell, sinne, death & damnation: so that out of it, as a moste filthie puddle issued a whole sea of mischeefe and miserie. Of this cup of pride father Adam dranke when by his disobedience hee losse thy
fauour

faueur, and by the taste of an
apple thought to bee thy co-
mate in knowing of good and
euill. Giue me thy grace not
onlie to consider this, but also
fully to digest it, that detesting
it as a venemous viper, I may
in humblenes of hart seruethee
holilie and souldelie without
hypocrisie, who art a patterne
of lowlines, and a mirrour of
humilitie, continuallie to bee
looked vpon, and trulie to be
followed. O life, and louer of
soules, giue mee grace alwaies
to heare, & hearing thy words
to follow thee, Amen.

Another for charitie.

O Infinite charitie, thou
sonne of God, to whom
the father hath surren-

C i. dred

dred all power in heauen and
earth : I haue offended thee
most greeuously, & indāgered
my selfe desperatlie. For, chari-
tie, O charity thou shalt iudge
the world in equitie, & I haue
not charity biding within me.
I loue for gaine, I hate mine e-
nimies, I pray not for the that
curse and speake euil of me, I
haue enough of thy benefites,
and yet haue I spared nothing
for Lazarus, and therein I haue
sinned against thee, o eternall
charitie, & incurred the perill
of thy iust iudgmentes. Is there
no remedy O charity, but must
iudgment be giuē against me?
is al thy bloud spent? are al thy
teares drie? hast thou none to
wash mee? Correct me not, O
charitie,

charitie, in thy iudgment or tur-
rie, neither chaatise me in thine
anger, but deale with me acor-
ding to thy wonted mercie. In
charity, in thy loue vnmerited,
O blessed Charity haue mercy
vpon me, & quit me from a re-
plying conscience, & the court
of the Deuil. For else, ô charity,
wil mine own life reclaime a-
gainst me & craue damnation
for mine vncharitable conuer-
sation. Piteous God therefore,
I beseech thee, for thy bloudie
sweat, in thy bottomles pittie,
drown my transgressions, ad-
opt me thy brother, & giue me
thy holie spirits testimonie, as
a gage and earnest of mine ad-
option, that being freed from
sinne, I may serue thee with a
free

free conscience in hope and an
vnwauering faith in thy mer-
cies, Amen.

*A praier for the mortification
of the flesh.*

O Lorde , the king-
dome of the flesh
is verie strong : so
strong that I am
not able to withstand it. For in
me, that is in my fleshe, dwel-
leth no good thing: and so infe-
ctious is the palſie of the fraile
flesh, that valesse thou O Lord
doc season it, there is no waie
but to incur the peril of a mor-
tal plague. I beseech thee ther-
fore O father of heauen, in the
name of thy sonne Christe, to
deliuer mee of this terrible re-
ward

ward of sinne, to qualifie with the salt of thy grace our vnfa- uourie fleshe, and to sweeten our viperous and vile nature with the oile of thy spirit, that fighting manfullie vnder our capteine Michaell against the Dragon, wee may not onelic wage battell or subdue, but also crucifie the old man, hand, foot, head, hart, euen the whole kingdome of Satan the prince of vtter darkenes; that the diuel being battered downe and the olde Adam driuen out of our hartes, we may offer vppe our bodies as liuely sacrifices vnto thee, without any sent of stin- king nature. For this O Lord is acceptable in thy sight, that beeing transformed into thee

in newnes of life, wee may bee
fit temples for thy holie spirit,
to dwel and abide in. Mortifie
therefore the flaming fleshe, O
Lorde, and appease the waues
of our wanton nature, that we
may be euen as thou willest:
holie as thou art holy, Amen.

Another.

WHat shal I doo, O gra-
tious God? for I am
borne of flesh, the very affecti-
on wherof is death. Shal I die?
shal the frame of thy hands be
destroied? no, Lorde. For thy
mercies sake remember thy
promise: Aske and haue. I
aske, O Lord, I aske: mercy doo
I aske, I desire thee in the bow-
els of thy Son Christ to rege-
nerate me a spiritual man, that
being

beeing borne anewe, not of
flesh, nor of bloud, nor of the
will of man, but of thy spirite,
by the power of thy worde, I
may be consecrate a priest vn-
to thee. O Lorde and loue of
holines, guide me in the waye
of thy will, that I wander not
in vanitie, which thou abhor-
rest and canst not abide. Thou
hatest sinn and all the workers
of iniquitie: and vnles wee re-
pent, as father Baptist saide; we
shal al for our sinnes suffer the
rod of thy iustice. Giue mee
therefore the sword of thy spi-
rite, that I may cut off the eare
of Malchus, and then bee hea-
led by the playster of Grace.
Apparel me with thy heauen-
lie truth, and arme me with thy

holie worde, that in time of
combate I may be able to cut
off the desperate assaults of the
finfull flesh: Amen, O Lord, A-
men, I saie vnto the wordes:
Aske and thou shalt haue. In
mercie performe thy promise,
O eternal veritie and giue me
grace not to doubt thereof, A-
men.

*A praier for the obtaining
of grace.*

QUO LORD, I am thy
sheepe, thy hands
haue facioned me:
a lost sheepe I am,
that haue wandered past the
pasture of thy will into the
brode field of vanitie. As thou
hast framed mee therefore of
thy

thy goodnes, so recall me from
straieng by the voice of thy
mercie . Giue mee grace to
heare thee , hearing to come
vnto thee, comming to follow
thee , and following thee the
waie to heauen and doore of
glorie, euer to beare about me
the pearle of grace, and neuer
to decline from the rule of thy
wil, Keepe me from the pit of
sinne, vnderprop me from fal-
ling into the ditche of iniquity
by the hand of thy fauour, and
fense me with grace, the buck-
ler of thy mercie , that I may
defeate Satans wilinesse , and
repel the blowes of frowning
sinne & a cloudie conscience.
O Lord, let grace through the
pipe or chanell of thy mercie

c. 5.

distill

distil into the vessel of my barren hart, that being moistened with the dewe of thy gracious blessings and softened with the spirit of thy goodnes, I may lodge thee the blessed Trinitie linked in an indissoluble knot of vnitie, to the reparation of the image of grace & recouerie of disgraced nature, Amen.

Another.

[T is thy gracious wil, O God of mercie, that all men should be saued. It is not thy wil ô pitious Iesu, that any sheepe of thy pasture should bee deuoured or anie Creature perishe, which thou of thy goodnes hast framed. And therefore O louer of man, and loue it selfe, I a poore wretched sinner, that haue

haue a longe time pastured in
the broade way of iniquity, yet
hearing thee continuallie, and
that of mercie calling : Come
vnto me, doo come vnto thee
for grace and mercie agaynst
merited cōdemnation. Grace
Lord, grace is al my sute. For I
am a plaine castawaie : and by
thousands more wretched than
the crawling Worme of the
earth, vnlesse thou bedeck me
with the garment of Grace,
and marrie me in thy mercies
promised to the house of Da-
uid. Lap me therefore, O Fa-
ther of Heauen in thy whyte
rayment, and apparel my na-
kednes with the wouen coate
of thy grace, that Satan fin-
ding no seame in my wedding
garment,

garment, may not be able in
 anie respect to rip vp my faults
 before thee at the daie of thy
 visitation. This do O gracious
 Iesu, clippe mee in thy sweete
 armes, and bowe downe thy
 head to kisse mee in mercie,
 and be not angrie for my sins,
 but drowne them in thy preti-
 ous blood, for thine owne sake
 I beseech thee, Amen.

*A praier for patience in
 affliction.*

O Fountaine of com-
 fort, O streamie
 wellspringe of vn-
 deserued mercie :
 beholde most gracious GOD
 and louing Father, I beseech
 thee mee thy poore creature.
 Behold

Behold Lorde, I am a worme
and no man: the buls of Basan
impale mee rounde about, the
diuell like an hungrie Lion ro
reth and gapeth to dispatch
mee, and the flesh like a vene
mous viper seeketh to stinge
me. Good God behold, behold
mee and fortifie thy seruant,
thine owne handie worke, a
gainst the stormie blasts of the
enimie. Patience, patience O
Lorde: adorne me with pati
ence, and seale vp in my heart
the remission of my sinnes, by
the testimonie of thy holie spi
rite, that being holden vp by
the anchor of a liuelie hope in
thy sufficient merits, I may be
able to indure the end of this
my combat, which vnder thy
banners

banners I presently do sustein.
Most mighty Mychael, fence
thy child against the traitorous
rebels of this world, which doo
nothings else but dismember
the babes of thy familie, & pro
phane thy pretious passion. Be
thou vpon my side, that no e
nimie may preuaile againste
me; Lord in thee haue I trusted
let me neuer be confounded, I
beseech thee for thine owne
merits, Amen.

Another.

THere is no victorie with
out fighting, nor anye
crowne without victorie: giue
mee therefore power O Lord,
that fighting valiantly, I maie
bee crowned gloriouſlie in
heauen, with thee to liue for e
uer.

euē. Minister strength vnto mee that I maye ouermayster mine enemies, and giue mee the spirit of patience, that continuing to the ende, I may bee found and taken as a faithfull souldiour of thy sonne Iesus, and so be blessed. Let me not faint in feare but let mee fight in a liuely faith which ouermatcheth the whole worlde. Plant me a naturall branch by the power of thy worde, in the vine Iesus; and make me able to indure cuerie cracke. Let no canker of sinne eate me, let no worme of a burnt conscience gnaw me, let no blaste of the worlde ouerturne me: but staieme vp with thy mightye hand, and bee euē at mine elbow,

bowe, that I may be crowned,
 though I be crossed, and saued
 though nowe sowed in ex-
 treame tyrannie. In this is all
 my hope: for surelie of my selfe
 I am but a vapour, a worme: I
 am borne of a woman in sinne
 a sinfull childe by nature, and
 to my power wage battel with
 Saranne againste my selfe, to
 mine vtter vndoing O Lorde,
 vnlesse thou regenerate mee
 and assist me with thy spirit, to
 mine abilitie alwaies to resist
 the diuel: which doo ô gracious
 God I beseech thee, Amen.

*A praier in time of per-
 secution.*



Lord, whither shall I
 flie? or to whom shal
 I goe? I am in Peters
 ship,

ship, the winds rage and blow,
the seas rise and roare, the sur-
ging and angrie waues dashe
against the ship. Oh, what shal
I doe? for thou art asleepe, O
Iesus: O maister arise or else I
perish. Pharao is at my heeles,
the redde sea before my face:
how shal I escape? whither
shal I flie? O gracious Lorde,
make me a waie through the
sea before I perish: and drown
Pharao my deadlie Saule with
all his companie. Remember
thy couenant O God of truth,
that thou wouldst be with me,
and al thy tender chickens to
the end of the world, to couer
and saue me & them from the
roring lion, vnder the winges
of thy mercie. This is the wing
that

that holdeth me vp in the ayre
of comfort, that I may flie lyke
an Egle aloft to the carcase in
time of necessitie. Lodge me, o
Lorde in the bosome of com-
fort, and imbrace me between
thine armes in safety, that thou
being with mee, no man may
preuaile against mee: no not
the Dragon with his Aungels,
whome thou the true Michael
didst not only incounter with
but also ouermatch in heauen,
as a valliant Captaine: that I
trusting in thee, and faithfullie
fighting vnder thy banners,
may not despaire of the Con-
quest. Lord and gracious cap-
taine, giue vnto me strength to
abide valiantlie all bruntes of
this world, and neuer to shrink
from

from thee with fainting Peter,
Amen.

Another.

O Gracious god, look down
vpon me with the eie of
thy mercie. For I am paled a-
bout with miserie, and com-
passed with waters of persecu-
tion. Assist me O Lorde, with
thy holie spirit against the fu-
rie of the enimie, that I neuer
fearing the toltng or butche-
ring of this mine earthlie Ta-
bernacle, maye euer for the
tearme of my daies feare and
kisse thee least thou be angrie
with mee, whoe art able and
maiest of thy iustice, not onlie
destroy this my bodie, but also
cast my soule into the pitte of
hel, Giue me grace that I may
pre-

present my selfe boldly before
fleering Herod : being persua-
ded of thy diuine prouidence,
that thou wilt neuer forsake
mee but bee with mee during
this my pilgrimage. I am bet-
ter than a pennieworth spar-
rowe O Lord, who cannot die
without thy will and pleasure.
Gard mee therefore with the
spirit of boldnes, that being as-
serteined of thy mercie, I may
without feare confes thee be-
fore men, and so bee confessed
again before thine Angels in
heauen. Let no smart of mis-
erie dismaie me, let no thornie
Saul discourage mee in the
race of my profession, let no
sparkes of crueltie or smoke of
biting tyranny, choke the con-
fession

tellion of thee; but pitch about
me the tents of thy grace, that
being vnderpropped I fall not
from thee: doo this O Lord for
thy names sake, Amen.

*A praier against the enimies
of the truth.*



Lord and gracious
GOD, looke vp-
on the face of thy
Churche : Judas
doth kisse hir, and al to betray
hir or rather make hauocke of
hir. Behold Lorde, the teares
haue almost choked thy corn,
and the cockle-sower looketh
for a plentious haruest. Thou
seest this O Lord, thou seest it:
awake therefore and take rhy
fan in thy hande, to diuide thy
corne

corne from the chaffe. Gather
thy corne into thy garner, and
with a blaste of thy mouthe
scatter the chaffe. Purge thy
garden O Lorde, let no weede
growe among thy Lillies, let
no thorne hedge in thy fauou-
rie rose, but fil thy church with
the grace of thy spirite, least
being the fairest of all women,
she touch the pitch, and so be
defiled: Burne vp the legered
and sowre dough of iniquitie:
but speciallie of heresie, which
the cocle-prophetes seeke to
bake, that we may not onelye
eate it but also digest it, to the
great eclipse of thy worde and
our owne damnation. O Lord
conuert them, or else restraine
them with the bridle of thy
iudg-

iudgement . Father forgiue
them if it bee thy will, or else
mowe them downe like haye
and let them wither with the
grasse. If Iudas wil continue in
his trecherie, or Iulyan in his
apostasie, if the wandering
sheep wil not heare the voice
of thee hir shepheard, but still
wander in the desert of wic-
kednes, giue hir to the mouth
of the Lyon O Lord, least tur-
ning to thy little flocke, shee
corrupt the rest. Grant this for
thine owne name sake, Amen.


Another.

ITis thine owne lesson, O
Lorde: Take heed of the lea-
uen of the Pharisees, bicause it
sowreth & corrupteth the ma-
rowe of true religion. O Lord,
thou

thou knowest it, & I acknowledge it, that I am a sprigge of withered nature, a dead branch of the rotten stocke of Adam: what shal I say? a naturall man I am, so blinded with the mist of ignorance and ouershadowed with the cloud of blindness, that I cannot do well, or wil wel, no not thinke wel: so vnable I am to aspire to the knowledge of thy reuealed Gospell. And howe can I then O Lord, take heede of leuened doctrine, whoe am altogether leuened and bent to the worse by force of nature? O louinge Iesus thou art the eye of the faithfull, thou art wisdom it selfe to defeate Satans wilnes, the sunne of righteousness to consume

consume the grosse vapours of ignorance, which drowneth our vnderstanding : so that thou art the onely starre which shewest vs the deep dungeons of heresies : and the only touch stone by which wee maye discern good dough and sowed leauen, that we may beware of them both. Endew me therefore with knowledge from aboue, that I prouing the spirits whereof they are, may one lie cleaue to thy holie will, O gracious God, to whome be all glorie, Amen.

A praier for the sicke.

 Deere Father, looke vpon me with the eie of thy mercifull pitie

Di. and

and pittifull mercie: behold I
am thy handie worke, a poore
Creature of thine, I thanke
thee for my former health, and
I thanke thee also for this thy
visitation, which I take as a fa-
therly correction. For I haue
swarued from the paths of thy
commandementes, and in my
life renounced my vowe at
baptisme made vnto thee be-
fore thy Church, and therefore
least as the witlesse sheepe I
shoulde straye and so fall into
the mouth of Satan, I take this
thy visitation as thy voice, or a
sermon of thy grace, whereby
thou criest: Come vnto me, O
gracious Iesu, this is thy woo-
ted goodnesse towards the chil-
dren of men, I am but dust and
ashes

alhes, no better than a worm,
a stained clout, no better than
a shadowe, a vapor or bubble
in the water : a verie wretch I
am good Lord, borne in sinne,
by nature wrapt in iniquitie,
and so thine vtter enimie, wor-
thie to perishe euerlastinglie.
But see thine owne goodnes,
sweete Lord : thine hands for-
med mee beeing nothing : thy
mercic hath preserued mee till
this day beeing nought. And
euen now sweete Iesu, thou
hast sent thy pursuuant sicknes
to bid me put off the old man,
& put on the garment of faith,
that I being readie for the ma-
riage, may come and marrie
thee in the couenant of thy fa-
ther, wherein al the nations of

the world by promite are blessed, Amen.

Another.

Louing Iesu, pittifull Iesu,
blest Trinitie haue mercie
vpon mee. Beholde, I am
sicke Lorde: iustlie buffeted
for sinne, the mother of euerie
mortal infirmitie, Yet Lorde,
louing Iesu pittie me, pittie my
case. Louing father purge mee
with Isop, clense me from my
secreet sinnes, drie vp the pud-
dle of iniquity with the beams
of thy mercy, and clense me in
the poole of thy pretious blood
that this sicknes and infirmity,
the iust reward and penalty of
sin and iniquity may cease and
finish. Beat me, O God, o gra-
tious God, O father of heauen,
beat

beate me in fauour, and not in
iudgement: kisse me with the
couenant of grace, and be not
angrie with mee. O louing Ie-
su, ful of pity and pitious com-
passion, I would be cleane: and
if thou wilt, Lorde, thou canst
make me cleane. Behold Lord
I am sické, the palsie of sinne
shaketh euerie part, the lepro-
sie of mine iniquitie hath ouer-
run al my soule and body: but
yet good Lorde, and gracious
Iesus if thou wilt, thou canst
make me cleane. For thou art
my father Almighty, with
whome nothing is impossible.
Lord I aske thy grace, giue it
mee: I seeke it, let me finde it:
I knocke for mercie: open O
Lord the chest of thy goodnes,

and enrich me with the iewels
of grace, that I may reign with
thee in glory, Amen.

*A confession for the
Sicke.*



My thoughtes, my
words, my deedes,
all crie vnto mee:
Thou art a sinner.
And this doo I confesse vnto
thee O Lord: I cannot so much
as think a good thought, much
lesse can I speake, muche lesse
can I doo wel. I confesse that in
me that is in my fleshe, dwel-
leth no good thinge: euen so
vile a Creature, so wretched a
caitife, that Satan might iustlie
haue claimed my life in the
swathecloth, being borne the
childe

childe of wrath and heire of
damnation. I am a cankered
branch of mother Eue that an-
cient stock of sinne, whose he-
ritage is nothing but iniquitie
garded with an infinite sea of
miserie. For out of sinne as out
of a filthie puddle or stayned
fountaine issued the rivers of
sicknes, death and damnation,
with such a streame, that they
ouerranne and drowned the
whole race of Adams cursed
progenie. So that as I confesse
my selfe a sinner, so doo I con-
fesse that I am iustlie visited
with this rod of sicknes, wher-
with thou art woont of thy iu-
stice to beate wanton Adam,
that old man of sinne, when he
wil not be ruled Beat me ther-

fore, beate me O Lord, to better me : and finite me enough, so thou saue mee, as I doo put my truste in thee. Let Satan haue no power to harme mee, nor the worlde with the baites of vanitie to snare me : but defend me from al euil I beseech thee, Amen.

Another.

O Bleeding Iesus, O slaughtered Lambe, O sweete babe of the virgin Marie, and onlie beloued darling of God : behold, heere I lie sicke in bodie and sore in soule, whome thou hast bought with thy precious blood. Helpe me, saue me from sinne, the fountaine of sicknes, O fountain of mercie. For I am a greeuous sinner by nature,

nature fettered with iniquitie,
wherein I was conceiued and
borne. O Iesu, O Christ thou
sonne of Dauid, O gracious sa-
maritan and piteous shepherd
haue mercie vppon me : haue
mercie vpon me, cal me, clense
me, saue me, salue me with the
merit of thy passion, againste
the palse of sinne and iniqui-
tie. O lambe of God, thou hast
taken awaie the sinnes of the
worlde, thou hast crucified the
diuell : confirme this faith in
mee louing Lorde, I beseech
thee : I beseech thee encrease
my faythe and renew a righte
spirit within mee. Remember
Lorde, remember sweet Iesus
thy crowne of thornes & bru-
zed head, thy boared handes,

d 5

nailed

nailed teete and crucified bodie. Remember the pearling speare, thy wounded side, and thy pretious blood that did spin and gush out. Remember thy bloudie teares, thy great thirst of my saluation, and gall and vineger which thou didst drink to saue me, and for thy mercie saue me, and crie to thy father; Father, father, forgiue him. O Iesu be mine aduocate: praie, praie, sweete Iesus praie for me, and bestow some drop of thy blood to wash me, Amen.

A praier against desperation.



Lorde, I am a greuous sinner, I haue passed & broken the bankes

banks of thy cōmandements;
from the wombe til this daie I
haue with the pirat Satan sail-
led in the shippe of iniquity, so
that I maye saie with Paule : I
am cheefe of all sinners. This
must I needes confesse to thee,
O god of iustice, & this worm
of conscience biteth me. What
then good Lord? shal y worme
deuoure me? shal this snake of
conscience sling me to death?
what, good Lord? is the stream
of thy mercy stopped? are the
riuers of thy grace dried vppe?
is there no drop of thy bloud
left to washe my seelie soule?
doest thou not cal me? saiying :
Come vnto mee. Yes good
Lord, and therefore despaire I
wil not. It is not thy will that
any

anic sinner should perish: and thou hast not onely said it, but sworne it, that thou wilt not the deth of a sinner, but rather his conuersion and life.

Behold therefore deere Father, I come vnto thee being a greuous sinner, in hope of pardon in the name of Christe thy sonne, who by his own testimonie came into this world to saue sinners. Hee was content to blot out that obligation which satan hadde against me, by the flood of his pretious bloud which issued out of hys glorious side. In this poole he hath washed away the leprosie of sinne, were it neuer so desperate. And in token that he is ready to receiue a sinner, hee

hee stretcheth foorth both his
sweete armes, as ready to em-
brace, and boweth downe his
glorious head, as willing to
kisse the prodigall childe that
craueth pardon for his misse-
spent daies. O Lord and grati-
ous God, I haue wasted my
daies in vanitie, I haue from
time to time troden vnder my
feete the pearles of Christyan
profession, euen frō the womb
haue I beene a rebellious trai-
tour to thy maiestie, a friend to
this world, to godlines an eni-
mie: but now O Lorde, I crie
vnto thee; forgiue me, forgiue
me, Now I come vnto thee, as
thou hast called me: now there-
fore couer me with the winges
of thy mercie, and tender mee

as

as the hen dooth her chickens,
least Satan clawe me, and so I
perish. Good Lord accept the
bloud of thy sonne, the merits
of his manhood for a satisfacti-
on for my sinnes, drown them
in the streame of thy mercie, &
cast them behinde thee, good
Lord I beseech thee.

O sweete Iesus lodge me in
thy pretious wounds, and look
vpon me with thy piteous eie,
least that bee destroied which
thou of thy great goodnes hast
made, and Christ thy sonne of
inestimable loue and infinite
charitie hath redeemed, tho-
rough his bitter passion. This
is the totall summe of my sute
vnto thee Lord: mercie, mer-
cie o father of mercie: mercie
is

is the thing that I begge : haue
mercie vpon me, haue mercie
vpon me I beseech thee louing
Lord, haue pitie vpon me. Bee
thou my shepheard to defende
mee, my Castell of defense to
saue me against the gaping di-
uel. Thou hast store of mercie
for them that aske it : O Lorde
therefore euen for the wounds
of thy deere sonne, haue mer-
cie vpon me, let not sinne sting
me to death, but lay to my sore
soule the salue of thy mercie,
of thy mercie, one drop of thy
sonnes bloud, a little dewe of
thy blessing, good Lorde, I be-
seech thee, Amen.

Another.

○ Lorde, my thoughtes, my
wordes , mine actions
haue

haue taken weapons and waged battell againſte mee : and Satan that old rebellious traytour taketh part with them to ouerthrowe me thy poore and impotent ſouldiour. He raiſeth vp the ſnake of my conſcience to ſting me, & the poiſon of an euil life to infect mee with the desperat plague of Cains blaſphemie : and I am but fleſhe ynable to withſtande the furie of this dragon. Oh what ſhall I doo? I am a Sinner, as Satan ſaieth, and my conſcience telleth mee, and the rewarde is death as thy word dooth teach me. What then ſhal I doo? ſhal I die as Iudas, O Lord? is there no remedie? ſurely my Lorde and my God, I deſpaire in my ſelfe,

selfe, and confesse my selfe the
childe of wrath by naturs voice:
but yet O Lord, it is thy voice,
it is the voice of grace, that thy
mercie is aboue al thy workes:
in token whereof thou camest
into the world to saue sinners.
This is the piller that vphol-
deth mee from falling: this is
the rod of iron that dasheth sa-
tan out of countenance, and
defeateth the argumentes of
my sinnefull conscience. Arme
me with this buckler of faith in
thy meritorious incarnation,
life and passion, that I may not
be giuen ouer as a prey to the
dragon, but crucifie the snakie
persuasions of Satan and
his companie,
Amen.

Another.

Another.

AVoid Satan : thou shalt not tempt the Lords seru-
uant : thy works are destroyed
thy bandes are broken, thou
shalt not take or bind mee. A-
uoid sinne : for thou hast loste
thy sting, thou wast condem-
ned in the fleshe, nailed to the
crosse, and crucified with my
Lord Christ vpon the tree. A-
uoid death, for thou art dead :
and hel, for thou art swallowed
vp in victorie. Auoid thou dra-
gon and all thine angelles, for
Michaell hath beaten thee, and
broken thy head: he hath freed
vs from sinne, and ledde awaie
captiuitie captiue : euen hee
Satan hath ouermastered thee,
that crieth out vnto me, Feare
not,

not, for I haue ouercome the world: euen he that hath promised to bee with mee till the ende of my pilgrimage, and crieth out: that if hee bee with mee, no man can bee agaynst me, no not hell gates to preuaile against me. Fight therefore Satanne as long as thou wilt, thou shalt bee at length put to the foile: for the mightie lion of the tribe of Iuda telleth mee, that there is no condemnation to them that be in him, that Iesus is the conquerour of the whole worlde, and vanquisher of thee, fight and rage thou neuer so much. Therefore auoide I saie awaie from me, for in Christ haue I passed the sea of my sinnes, thy cursed
armie:

armie: & if thou folow to pursue mee, thou shalt bee drowned in the red sea of Christes blood, to whome be all glorie, Amen.

*A praier for the auoidance
of Gods wrath.*

O Tender harted Ioseph, haue mercie vpon me. Great is the flood of myne iniquities, so great O God of mercie, that vnles the banks of thy grace repress it, it will ouerrunne and so drowne my feelie soule. Drowne my sins in the poole of thy mercie, cast them into the sea of thy bottomles pity, least the smoke of my wickednesse doo smother me

me, and the rod of thy iudgement breake and brooze mee like a potters vessell. For the bagge of mine iniquities is so stuffed, and the stinge of my sinnes so poisonous, and the sent of them so vnsauourye in thy nostrilles O Lorde, that if thou wilt obserue it, who may abide it? the surest piller of thy Church would shake, the fairest rose would wither, the best lamb should abide the slaughter, if the beames of thy mercie shoulde not partch and burne vp the ripe and plentious harvest of our iniquities. O Lord therefore haue mercie vpon vs, and beate vs not with the rod of thy furie, but vnderprop the shippe of our weake faith with
the

the anchor of thy mercy, that
 beleening in thee, we may not
 perishe but haue euerlasting
 life. Thou hast apesed, o sweet
 Iesus, the wrath of thy father
 againste sinne conceiued, by
 thy meritorious passion, that I
 might with the holic ones bee
 holic as thou art. But I haue
 prophaned thy passion by my
 dailie faults such is the frailtie
 of the flesh, for the which I iust
 ly may be refused. But yet Ie-
 sus one drop of fauor bestowe
 vppon mee and crie : For my
 bloudie passion father forgiue
 him I beseech thee, Amen.

*A praier for remission
 of Sinnes.*

O Lord, what do I dailie but
 wander in the field of va-
 nity?

nitie? what is my hart but a filthy prisō of corrupt thoughts? what is my mouth but a stinking chanell of vaine wordes? what are my feete but chariots to bloudshed? what are my hands but battellers with charitie? what is my heade but a castell of wicked deuises? and what is my life but a fardell of iniquitie? I am nothing better than a deade tree, the roote is perished, the bough withered, I am fruitles and good for nothinge but for the furie of the flame. What then, good Lorde, shall it bee so? I am no better than a deade tree, but what? shall I burne sweete Iesu: O saue me for thy name sake, and quicken me: create a new hart within

within me, ingrafte me in the
true Oliue purge mee that I
may bring forth much fruite,
and for euer flourishe lyke a
tree planted by the riuers side.
O powre the oile of grace into
my defiled heart, and season it
with the salt of thy mercy, leaſt
the ſume of mine iniquities aſ-
cend vppe to thy noſtrils, and
prouoke thy furie againſt me.
Powre downe ſome drops of
thy pretious blood from the
clouds of thy mercy, to quench
out the angrie flame of ſinne,
which I my ſelfe am not able
to put out by the vertuous wa-
ter of any merite. Purge mee
therefore with Iſop, O Lorde,
and then I ſhal bee cleane. O
lambe of God, let me eate thy
fleſh,

flesh, and drink thy bloud, that
I may liue by thee, and cloath
me in the wooll of thy mercie,
that no winter of storming sin
doo pinch my seely soule. This
do O Lorde, for thy mercies
sake, Amen.

Another.

O Lord, like a witles sheep
I wander in the perillous
wildernes of sinne: I am lost, O
my God in the field of vanitie
where Satan seeketh to trappe
and deceiue me with the flat-
tering baite of finfull pleasure.
Good Lorde leaue thy ninetie
nine, and looke for the losse
sheepe till thou haue founde
him. For I am losse good Lord,
and must needs perish, vnlesse
thou saue me: Draw me vp to
thee

E I.

mee in the bucket of thy mer-
 cie, and place mee in thy safe
 pasture of grace, the onelye
 fting that ouermaistereth Sa-
 ran. Choose me into the col-
 lege of ioy, that I maye sleepe
 in the lap of thy word, which is
 thy power vnto saluation. Doe
 this O Lorde, for thine owne
 sake, that thine aungels maye
 haue occasion to reioyse, and
 to set foorth thy glorie. Look
 for the lost groate, O gracious
 God, and find it out with the
 candle of thy mercie, and lock
 it vppe in the treasure of ioye:
 euen me O Lord, that thou thy
 selfe in great ioye maiest call
 thine holie angels and heauen-
 lie companie to reioyse with
 thee, because thou hast founde

me

me a lost groate, and trayeng
sheepe. Be thou my Iesus, euen
for thine owne sake, washe a-
waie the leprofie of sinne, that
beeing cleansed, I may returne
in ioy, to sound out the praises
of thy holye and vnderferued
dealinges with mee thine eni-
mie, Amen.

Another.

BEnd downe thy piteous eie
O Lord, from the palace of
heauen, and looke vppon me
thy poore and wretched crea-
ture. Behold, I thy handiwork
thine owne workmanship am
disgraced, nature hath wrap-
ped me in sinne, the diuell hath
defaced bodie and soule, so
that I am nothing better than
a lumpe of iniquitie. The euill
garde-

gardener hath planted weeds
in thy garden, the euil husband
hath sowne tares and cockle
in thy field. O Lorde with the
sword of thy mercie digge vp
the weedes of sinne: and with
the beames of thy pitie parch
vp the cockle and tares of Sa-
tan, that I may flourish like a
branch of thy sonne Iesus and
growe like a flower in the pa-
sture of grace, by the dewe of
thy blessing. Scatter awaie
from thy face with the wind of
thy mercie, the chaffe of ini-
quitie, and gather thine owne
corne into the garner of glo-
rie, Let me not starue for want
of grace, but feede mee with
mercy, and make me a simple
dove, that hauing the wings of

a liuelie faith, and faithfull conscience, I may fly vppe to the beaçon of the crosse, there to eate the merite of thy Sonne Christ, my mightie Iesus. O Lorde wrap me in his passion and deathe, that no storme of sinne doo touch mee to my vtter condemnation, Amen.

*A praier for increase
of Faith.*

WHat man, O God, was so fettered in the snare of sinne, that he could not by any meanes delyuer himselfe, and therefore was for euer to lie bound with the chain of Satan in hell: it pleased thee O Lord, to worke meanes of deli-
uery.

liuerie, by thine owne sonne to vnloose the shackles of sinne, that man might be set at libertie. For this I giue thee moste hartie thanks O gracious God and father of mercie. For what a thing is this? Man was loste through his owne follie. Iudas for mony, but Adam for an apple forsooke thee, and so deserued not onely to bee forsaken, but also like an vtter enimie and rebellious traitor, to bee executed in iustice and iudgement. But behold O ye sonnes of men, where man was vnable and angels not sufficient to worke recouerie of grace, and deliuerie from Satans slavery, hee spared not to shedde the bloud of his sonne for the redemption

demption of man, and satisfaction of his iustice.

Behold and wonder: God hath but one sounne, his deare sonne, his onely ioye, his owne image, his expresse substance, and yet doth he sende this one babe, like a Lambe in this euil worlde among foxes; to be torne and cruellie butchered, that by the drops of his pretious bloud he might washe the filthie face of our soules, and with y^e wooll of his passion, the merit of his slaughter, so cloth vs, that noe storme of raging sinne might dismaye vs. The streames of thy sonnes bloud, vnlesse wee bathe our selues in them, vnles we wash vs in the poole of his bloud, his passion

O father of heauen, shall nothing auaille vs. Giue vs therefore good God a full and sound hand, that we may receiue the bloud of thy sonne Christe to our saluation. Increase our faith in vs, giue vs a winged faith, that wee may flie vnto Christ thy sonne and our Sauiour, standing on the beacon of the crosse to purchase the redemption of the whole world.

But especiallie in time of extremitie, when Sathan dooth seeke to choake vs with the smothering smoke of sin, and like a wilie pyrate seeketh to sink the shippe of our weake faith: then O Lord, when thou rakerh our sinnes out of the ashes, and calleth a parliament
of

of his hellish aungels to accute
 vs before thee and thine holic
 companie, that being conuin-
 ced of trecherie to thy maie-
 stie, wee may abide the rod of
 thy furie : euen then O Lorde,
 giue vs a feathered faith, that
 we may flie aboute the reache
 of Satan & rest in the wounds
 of thy deere sonne in safetie,
 without perill of shipwracke,
 be the waues of sinne neuer so
 outragious, or the winds of in-
 iquitie neuer so tempestuous.
 Couer vs with the winges of
 thy fauour, garde vs with the
 hand of thy power, and pul vs
 out of the deepe mire of our
 secret finnes, that being drow-
 ned in thy mercie, we maye in
 a litle faith spring out of the
 c. 5. puddle

puddle of miserie, into the sea
of thy merites for our endlesse
safety, Amen.

A prayer for preachers.

O Thou good shee-
pherd of our soules,
haue mercie vpon
vs : thou hast ap-
pointed vs as Vicars and De-
puties vnder thee, or rather for
nurses for thee, to traine vp the
babes of thy family in the loue
and feare of thee. Giue vs, we
beseech thee, the pure milke of
thy Gospell to feed them : but
especiallie the light of honest
conuersation, to guide them
out of this vallie of darkenesse,
vnto thee the true morninge
starre,

starre, and lunne of righteout-
nes. Arme vs with the buckler
of thy truth, that wee may not
onlie bicker with, but also put
to flight Satan that rauinous
Lion O Lorde, who seeketh by
subtillie to trapp and deuoure
the lambs of thy pasture. We-
pon vs with Scriptum est, It is
written O Lorde, which is thy
power vnto saluation, and the
onely buckler whereby thou
didste defende thy selfe in thy
threefold combat with Satan.
Take from vs the leauen of the
Pharisees, the sowred dough
of heresies, beeyng the verie
canker of Christian professi-
on, and the onely pitch that
defileth the table of thy Chil-
dren, that wee may feede thy
children

children onely with the worde
of thy mouth. This do O Iesus
for thine owne sake, Amen.

*A praier for the increafe
of Preachers.*

Satan, O Lord, say-
leth vpon the seas
of this worlde, to
hynder and keepe
backe the propagation of the
Gospel; kiling by sword, boy-
ling in fire, and choking by the
darnel of his cocle gospell the
babes of thy familie. So that
now thy Church O Lorde, is
harrowed, little is the flock of
thy beloued Steeuen, we haue
a great derth of preaching Ie-
remies, and a verie small num-
ber of crieng Elayes to con-
duct

duct thy children, the tender
sucklinges of thy Gospel, from
danger to safetie, out of the
rough wildernes of this wic-
ked world. O looke vpon thy
little flocke, let the Foxe no
more fleece them, but sende
shepheards to feed them with
the pure milk and sound meat
of thy Gospel. Send vs no
woolues to teare, but sende vs
doggs to defende the sheepe of
thy Pasture, against our wol-
uish Pharao, that continuallie
gapeth to deuoure thy beelo-
ued Israel. O Lorde haue mer-
cie vppon vs, and let the riuers
of thy worde haue free course
in euerie chanel: let no puddle
of filthy doctrine, or quagmire
of damnable heresie trouble
thy

thy little flock & sweet babes,
 least they tasting thereof, drink
 their owne destruction. But
 sende downe thine Angels to
 cleanse the poole of thy word,
 mingled with the water of he-
 resie, that wee liyng sicke at
 the gate of thy mercie, maye
 descend into it, and so be hea-
 led. Grant this for thine infinit
 mercies sake, and for the glo-
 ry of thine eternall Godhead,
 Amen.

*A praier for the School-
 mayster.*



Here shall I begin,
 O Lorde, to rip the
 vnseamed coate of
 thy benefites? O
 that I were alhart to conceiue
 or

or al tooong to vtter them; For
 where we had not onelie losse
 the inheritance of paradise,
 but also the integritie of Na-
 ture, through father Adams
 follie: thou hast set down pre-
 cepts, and elected gouernours
 ouer youth, that being ruled
 by tutours, and liuing well by
 precepts, the childrē of Adam
 might recouer the disgraced
 puritie of nature, and at length
 (of thy meere fauour) be exal-
 ted, not to an earthly paradise
 but to an heuenly inheritance,
 to enter and inherit the palace
 of an heauenlie Ierusalem.
 And whereas, O wellspring of
 all goodnes, thou hast appoin-
 ted me to view and ouersee the
 naturall man, not only to train
 him

him vp in learning, but also in
liuing: giue me thy grace that
I may first of a wilde oliue be-
come a braunch of Iesus, that
awaking my selfe with the
winges of thy mercie, I maye
crowe the better to stumbling
Peter, not onely in deliuering
precepts, but also examples of
godlie life and honest conuer-
sation. Giue me y true know-
ledge of thy word, that by it as
by a lanterne I may guide my
selfe and them the better, from
wandering in vanitie, into the
waie of sanctitie. Giue me al-
so grace to doo my dutie faith-
fullie, and imprint in my heart
the last daie when I shall ren-
der an account of my calling,
so that alwaies remembering
it,

it, I may the better fulfil it. O
Lord shew thy mercie, Amen.

Another.

O Lorde, giue me grace to
bee faithful in my vocati-
on, to bee diligent in my cal-
ling to traine vppye youth: but
before al things to serue thee.
Schoole me, o gracious God, in
the waie of thy wil, and teache
me the waie of thy comman-
dementes, that I may not only
liue by thee, but in thee for
euer. Plant me like a branch of
grace in the gardeyn of thy
gracious pleasure, that I maye
growe in thee, and not in the
broad way of iniquitie, or wide
felde of vanitie. Order thou
my waies with the rule of thy
wil, and guide my steps by this
lanterne

lanterne of life, that neither for
feare, or flatterie I swaue from
the lessons of thy holie spirite:
but euer may walke with the
warrant of a good conscience
in thy lawe and testimonies.
For this O Lord, shal redounde
to the profite of thy Church,
whereof by Baptisme I am a
member: as also to the bette-
ring of youth which is better
schooled by examples of a
godlie life, than by precepts of
learning. Therefore, O Lord,
that thy Church may bee vn-
spotted and without wrinkle,
I beseech thee in thy sonnes
name to haue mercie vpon me
and al my brethren, which liue
in faith and feare of thee, that
our good liues maye glorifie
thee

hee our father in heauen : and
 ſpur the babes of thy familye,
 to the perfourmance of their
 vow, by the power of thy ſpi-
 rit, Amen.

*A praier for Schol-
 lers.*

O God, we are a cur-
 ſed progenie , by
 nature lapt in the
 bands of ſinne, and
 fettered in the chaine of death,
 the due rewarde of ſinne and
 iniquitie : but of thy meere
 mercie thou haſt drawne vs
 vnto thee out of the iawes of
 our ſpirituell Pharao, by the
 death of Chriſt thine onely
 ſonne, that mightie lion of the
 tribe of Iudah, that being deli-
 uered

uered from the handes of our
enimies, wee might serue thee
in him al the daies of this our
life. But because we cannot of
our selues, and by our selues,
aspire to the end of our redem-
tion: we giue thee thanks O
Lord, that it hath pleased thee
to helpe vs by this meanes, to
wit, by placing vs vnder tu-
tors. Thou hast throughlie sift-
ed our nature: thou knowest
that there is continuall battell
betweene the wanton fleshe
and the spirit of sanctification:
and therefore to repressse olde
Adam, and to crucifie the
kingdom of the wanton flesh,
thou hast put this yoke vppon
vs to bee vnder tutors and go-
uernours to crop the crooked
boughes

boughes off, and to mowe
downe the ripe haruest of wic-
ked nature, that they might by
precepts of life, with the assi-
stance of thy spirite, graffe vs
in the true vine Iesus, and also
printe the stampe of Christian
knoweledge in the tables of
our harts: that beeing no base
metal but pure and fine siluer,
we might (and yet of grace) be
weighed in the balance of thy
mercie as currant coyne, to be
placed in the storehouse of thy
ioy for euer. To thee as onlie
good, be al glorie, Amen.

*The mothers praiſer for the good
education of hir youth.*

O Gracious God, in know-
ledge that thou louest all
things,

things which thou halt made
of thy goodnes: and that thing
cannot perish, which is com-
mitted to thy charge. Now
I come vnto thee with my ten-
der children, committing them
into thine hands, and desiring
thee to couer them vnder the
winges of thy prouident mer-
cie. Hew and square the rough
table of their hearts, of stonie
make them fleshie, that being
softened by the dewe of thy
blessinges, they may beare the
scale of adoption in thy sonne
Christ. O Lord guide them in
this darke vale of vanitie, with
the light of thy fauour, that es-
caping the dungeon of sinne,
they may walke in newnes of
life, and lodge alwaies in thine
holie

holie will . Imprint in theyr
harts faith, hope, humility, and
charitie : that following thee
they may be humble & meeke
as thou art . Indue them with
the spirite of feare , that they
may kisse thee in faith and liue
in obedience, thou beeing ne-
uer angrie with them, but lo-
ving them, as the mother dooth
her tender sucklings, Amen.

The Fathers prayer.

Father of all Fa-
thers, haue mercie
vpon me, and giue
me thy grace, not
onely to be thankfull for this
thy gracious gift, but also duti-
full to vse it after thy good will
and pleasure. It is thy wil O fa-
ther

ther of Heauen, that chyl-
dren shoulde come vnto thee: yea,
that all men shoulde be saued,
and come to the knoweledge
of the truth. Fil the cup of thy
mercie, O Lorde, and let mee
drinke of it, and my children
pledge me, that we may toge-
ther bee wrapped in the gar-
ment of Grace, and at length
be married vnto thee into the
kingdome of glorie. Take my
tender babes O Lord, into thy
familie, that as children of thy
house, together with me, they
may sit with father Abraham
Isaac and Iacob, at the table of
ioy in ioy vnspeakeable, and in
pleasure inconceiueable. Giue
them the spirite of thy fauour,
that they may crie truelie vnto
thee,

thee, Abba, Father, assured in
their consciences, that they are
thy children, and coheires with
our Sauour Iesus of life eter-
nall. O father shew thy mercy
for thy mercies sake, Amen.

The Childs praier.

I Am borne a natu-
rall child, O father
of Heauen, weak
in bodie, blinde in
soule, in all parts maimed, and
as it were lapt in bands of my-
serie. O Lord renew mee who-
lie, make me a babe of thy fa-
milie, that I may suck the paps
of thy word, which is of power
to saue bodie and soule. Lop
the tree of nature, O grations
God, and restraine me within
F. 1. the

the banks of thy wil by the bridle of thy spirite, that I neuer passing the limites of thy good pleasure, may of thy mercie be taken as worthy to sit with father Abraham in the restefull lande of Canaan. Regenerate me O Lorde, and make mee a new creature, that hauing put off the olde manne, I may be transformed into thee the second Adam, in newnes of life and be freed from al brutes of storming nature & blowes of tyrannous Satan, that I maie sleepe in the lap of thy Church in safetie for euer. O sweet Iesu, let no tempest of sinne, or thunderboulte of Satan or hys mynisters ouerturne mee thy poore Creature, sayling vpon the

the foiming seas, beset and beaten with the surges of this present worlde: but gard me with thine hand, and let thine holie Angels pitch their tents about me, least the bricke barke of my bodie being broozed with the waues of wickednesse, and the shippe of my soule shaken with the tempests of iniquitie, I vtterlie come to naught and become a castaway. In al dangers therefore, giue me grace to crie vnto thee with a lowde voice, Helpe mee, thou that canst stil the roughnesse of the sea, or else I perish, Amen.

The Husbandmans.

praier.

[A pore husbandman O lord
GOD doo come vnto thee

for succour. Iesus thou sonne
of Dauid haue mercie vpon
mee. Thou art the true vine,
and GOD thy father the hus-
bandman and a braunche in-
grafted in thee by grace, and
nourished by the iuice of mer-
cie. O Lord, when the pock
of my corrupt nature breaketh
out, and the wild Oliue shew-
eth it selfe: then of thy fauour
lop and crop mee: purge mee,
that I may budde in thee, and
beare fruite worthie repen-
tance. Giue me thy grace, that
I tie not my hart to this world
nor locke my thoughts in the
chaine of vanitie: but free me
from the slauerie of the diuell,
and vnloose the desperate knot
of my sinneful conscience, that
sinne

sinne beeing disioynted by remission, and my conscience vnlinked from sinne, I may serue thee in holines and righteousnesse all the daies of my life. Aide mee O father of heauen, when the branch of sinne will ouerwantonlie flourish, & old Adam passe the limits of thy holie will. Doo this, O father, and onely good husbandman, for thine owne sake, Amen.

*The Maydservants
praier.*

A Lestates O Lorde,
depend vpon thee,
Kinge and begger:
Magistrate & Cler-
gie man, maister and scholler:

al come of thee. And me thou
hast made a poore handmaid,
which I do not only willinglie
beare, as knowing thou haste
allotted mee this calling : but
also very many waies I haue to
thank thee for it. For thou hast
not onely deliuered me from
the slauish seruice of Satan, but
also dooest (by this my yoke)
restraine the wanton reliques
of stained nature, preserued me
from the pampering of the old
man in pleasure and idlenesse.
Secondlie, that I am not ser-
uaunt to any Heathen, Turke,
or Saracen : but vnto a Chri-
stian, in suche a place, where
thy Gospel is preached freely,
and fullie. Thirdlie and speci-
allie, because thou hast called
mee

me vnto such an estate or life,
as wherein I knowe I doo well
please thee. For who liueth af-
ter thy Gospell, if not I, whoe
get my liuing with the sweate
of my browes? I doo not glory
heere in vaine, but to thee bee
the glorie, who hast turned the
curse into such a blessing. O
Lord giue me grace to consi-
der this, that I may bee more
diligent in my calling, more
earnest in seruing thee than e-
uer I haue beene hecetofores.
Forgiue me al that is past, and
guide me in thinges to come,
that I may neuer haulte in my
vocation. Giue mee a sounde
and perfect faith in thy sonnes
blood O father, wherein he hath
washed (of his great mercie)

my poore soule, that notwithstanding I serue a mortal man, yet aboue him in all thinges, I may serue thee, to whome be all glorie both nowe and for euer, Amen.

*A praier for a woman
with child.*

IN the beginning of the world, O father of heauen, after thou hadst formed man of the slime of the earth, and yet prince ouer all creatures; it pleased thee of thy goodnes to create a woman of his side, as well for his solace, as for the continuance of his seede. It was thy worde vnto them, Increase and multiply. This

This increafe was easie, but
mother Eue hath made it hard
(by passing the bounds of thy
wil) to al her posteritie: so that
the woman conceiueh and
bringeth forth in great paine,
and dangerous travel the fruit
of her wombe: in so greate
paine O Lord, in such extreme
pangs, that vnles thou quench
the flame of her sorrowes with
the water of comfort, it is im-
possible for her to beare that
into this vale of miserie which
thou of thy goodnesse hast fra-
med, & she conceiued. Where-
fore thou GOD of woonders,
and Father almightie of Hea-
uen, as thou hast by the slaugh-
ter of thine only lambe, taken
awaie the sinnes of the whole
f.5 world,

worlde, and conuicted sinne
in the fleshe: so take awaie the
pangs of childbirth, the fruit of
sinne from all womankind, es-
pecially this woman, that bea-
ring ioyfullie, that which shee
hath conceived fruitfullie, and
thou hast fashioned graciously
shee maye glorifie thee most
carefully, and praise thee most
thankefully, the onely staie of
hir estate in al extremitie, both
now at this present, and here-
after euerlastingly, Amen.

*A praier for a woman
in trauell.*



Orde saue mee, or
else I perish. Lord
haue mercie vpon
me a sinner. Pitiful
Iesu

Iesu shew thy mercy vnto me,
and let the light of thy counte-
nance shine vppon me, that I
be not swallowed vp in griefe
and sorrowe . Lorde, sweete
Lord, thou sendest thy seruants
to cal me to the marriage: thy
fatlinges and oxen are killed,
and Dinner is readie: Lorde
giue mee grace to come vnto
thee, that beeing freed from
sinne, and eased of sorrow, the
fruit of sinne, I may mary thee
in the couenant of thy mercie,
and banquet with thee face to
face at the table of ioye, in thy
heauenlie Ierusalem. Lord, lo-
uing Lorde and gracious God,
blesse the fruite of my wombe,
and take it into thy familie.
For I beleeeue Lorde, that thou
becamest

becamelt of God the sonne of
man, to make it and all other,
whome thy father hath giuen
thee, the Children of God thy
heauenlie Father. According
to my faith therefore O Lord,
be it vnto me. Open the doore
of thy mercie and lodge my
child in the vertue of thy couen-
nant, that being my God and
the God of my seede, I maie
glorifie thee both now and e-
uer, and offer vp the sacrifice
of praise, the fruites of a ioyfull
spirit vnto thee. Lord and Fa-
ther of heauen, it is thy wil that
all men should be saued: thy wil
be doone, and saue mee by thy
mercie I beseech thee, Amen.

A

A praier for the prisoner.

O Liuing GOD and
louinge Father of
Heauen, I haue
stood in the waie
of sinners, and wasted my days
in iniquitie, for the which I am
iustlie tied in bands, and shall
suffer the shippewrack of this
fraile and fading life. O Lorde
comfort me with thy holy spi-
rit against the terror of death:
and so roote in mee the hope
of saluation, that I may looke
in stedfast faith after the night
of my passion, to suppe and to
be with thee in heauenly para-
dise. Euill hath beene my life,
euen from the wombe haue I
war-

warred with euill nature against thee, and to my power sought to destroy my selfe, and to crucify my Iesus again most villanoullie. But yet O. Lorde and father of mercie, I belceue verilie that al thy sonnes bloud is not dried vppe. I am perswaded that there are some drops of grace reserued for all laden and labouring publicans, and therefore comming vnto thee I crie and cal : *Lorde haue mercie vpon me a sinner : Lorde, O Iesu thou sonne of Dauid haue mercy vpon me.* Remember thy bloodie passion, and with the testimonie of most thy holy spirite seale vp in my heart my saluation, that I may die in thee, and so liue with thee for euer, Amē.

A

*A praier to be said at the
houre of death.*

FAther of heauen in-
to thy handes I doo
commend my soule
Lorde increase my
faith, strengthen my weaknes,
fortifie my soule with the Te-
stimonie of thy fauour, against
the feare of death, which is
dreadfull vnto me. O gracious
God, looke not vppon my me-
rits, for they are none: nor vppon
my life, for it hath been ve-
ry naught and abhominable,
but looke vpon Christ thy deer
sonne and my louinge Iesus:
who beeing slaughtered vpon
the altar of the Crosse, crieth
vnto thee for me and my bre-
thren:

thren: Father forgiue the. Thy
sonne O Lorde, died to deliuer
vs, was bound to lose vs out of
hellish Aegypt, that being fre-
ed by him, wee might alwaies
and solie serue him. But mercie
Lorde, mercie is all my sute:
for I haue prophaned his pre-
tious passion by my euill con-
uersation, and done what laie
in my power to crucifie him
again: but notwithstanding
Lord, thou art alwaies merci-
full and of great pittie: and I
beleue verely, that thy sonnes
mercie is not abated, who cri-
ed for the butchering Iewes,
Father forgiue them. Louing
God therefore burie mine ini-
quities, and accept thy sonnes
crie as a satisfaction for my
sinne.

sinne Lord haue mercie vpon
me a sinner, Amen.

A praier for the truth.



Heresie, O Lorde, is
the spurre of dung-
hil cocks and hire-
linges, which faint
and will not fight in thy quar-
rell against the wolfe, for the
sheepe of thy pasture. Let not
this spur blind the eies of chris-
tians, let it not shut vppe the
windowe of thy will. Thy truth
defende O Gracious God, and
with the whippe of thy iudge-
ment scourge al penie gospel-
lers, and scowre thy fathers
house, which must be a house
of praier, that thy worde may
be

be truly preached, which is thy power vnto saluation. Grant vnto vs the pure bread of life, let it not bee sowred with the leuen of vnseasoned Rabbins, least thy truth being eclipsed with euill doctrine, be vtterly buried, and so thy Lambes for hunger starued. The babes of thy familie do hunger & gape for meat: they dailie crie vnto thee, Father of heauen deliuer vs from euil: Come Lorde Iesus, come: for thou art truth, and the onely teacher of truth. Roote vppe out of thy garden the weedes of heresie, and hinder the blaste of slaundering Trumpetters, whoe doe nothing else but barke againste thy truth, and bite the good names

names of others, and al to the
defacing of thy Gospel, Amen

*A praier for the plough-
man.*



IT is thy iuste re-
ward, O GOD, to
man for his treche-
rie and disobedi-
ence against thy maiestie, that
he should get his liuing by the
sweat of his browes. I confesse
therefore O thou iust God and
louing father, that I haue me-
rited this bondage, that thou
maiest be iustified when thou
art iudged. Giue me thy grace
O Lord, that I may be diligent
and faithful in my vocation, to
doo my dutie, not so much for
seare as for conscience. Giue
mee

me thy grace, that I may serue
with a willing minde, and a
free conscience, that beeing
subiect to a Christian in body,
yet I may beare rule ouer sinne
and Satan in a stedfast fayth,
and feare of thee. Gard & de-
fend mee with thy grace, and
fense me with thy fauour. Vp-
hold my feet frō slipping, staie
mee that I fall not, and if I fall,
raise me vp that I may not lie
in the mire of desperation,
when sinne shall assault mee.
Plow my hart with the threats
of thy pearcing lawe, and har-
rowe it with a greeuous me-
morial of my omitted dueties:
but so O Lord, that thou in the
end doe sowe in it the seede of
thy Gospell, the bread of im-
mortality

mortalitie, that I may liue in thee and by thee, now and for euer, Amen.

*A prayer for the blessing of
his labour.*

SVch was the fall of Adam, O gracious God, so great was his rebellio against thy diuine maiestie, that of desert thou maieft forsake him, and staie the hand of thy bounteous liberalitie. Notwithstanding Lorde, because that thou halt commanded all men to aske, and allured them to craue things necessarie by thy promise, that hee that asketh shal haue: therefore, O Lorde, in hope of thy wonted and offered

ferred mercie, I come vnto thee
in the names of Christ thy be-
loued sonne and my louinge
husband: desiring thee, in the
streames of thy bloodie teares,
to wash me from my sinnes, to
burie them in the bottome of
the sea, and to scatter them as
chaffe before the winde, that I
being taken into thy fauour, &
reconciled to thee in the blood
of the immaculate lambe, may
looke in assurance for thy fa-
therlie prouidence. Blesse, O
Lord, the curssed earth: so fru-
ctifie the barren earth with the
deawe of heauen, that we may
haue great cause to glorifie
thy name, and sufficient for
nature against extremitie, to
relceue vs with thy store in
time

time of necessity, Amen.

A praier for peace.

Appease, O gracious
God, the surging
waues of this pre-
sent euill worlde:
cut downe the angrie make-
bates, and graunt vnto vs the
peace of thy spirit: that liuing
in one minde, and bearing a-
bout vs one wil grounded vp-
on thy gracious pleasure, wee
maye bee gathered into one
sheepesfolde, and liue in bro-
therlie loue and vnfained vni-
tie. O louing maker and God
of peace, it is a pitious thing to
see the malice of the world: it
is a myserie to behold how thy
members disioint themselves
in

in ceremonies and beggerlie
elements: it is a hell to confi-
der how mightie Saule rageth
against little Dauid: to see the
beastlie crueltie and tiger like
tyrannie of the Pharaos of this
world, who not tending their
owne case, not regarding the
end of thy passion, or full and
sole redemption, do racke and
rent the babes of thy Church,
thy beloued wife. Redresse all
this gracious God: eyther cut
off our enemies or else conuert
them, that wee may together
wage battell against the diuell
our archaduerlarie. Season the
hartes of our brethren, that wil
for a trifling ceremonie, re-
nounce thy veririe, and breake
the bandes of Christian vnity.

Com

Continue the weake nouices
of thy schoole in the libertie of
thy Gospel, that all offense be-
ing taken away, we may serue
thee the God of peace, euen
charitie it selfe, in Charitie, A-
men.

*A prayer in time of
Warre.*

O Lorde and onely
peacemaker, linke
vs in vnitie that
are deuided, ioyne
vs in loue that haue sundered
our selues, and so transgressed
thy holie will. If our cause bee
euill, good Lord amend vs and
reconcile vs with the peace of
thy spirit: if it be good, defende
vs O Lorde, and turne vnto vs,

G. I.

or

or else contound our enemies.
Gracious Iesus, thou knotte of
peace, which hast ioyned God
thy father and man, not onelie
in fauour as friendes : but also
coupled vs in one brotherhood
with thee, as his children : we
beseech thee to sow the seede
of concord in vs, that we maie
liue in thee as fruitful branches
now and for euer. O Lord giue
vs thy grace that wee purchase
no cruic, nor be the fathers of
sedition, of warr, or any insur-
rection : but imprinte in our
hearts thus much, that thou art
loue, who shalt come to iudge
the quicke and the dead. Cha-
ritie shall iudge the world, and
confound al bruers of tumults.
Ingrauce this lesson, O Lord, in
the

the tables of our hearts, and for
giue vs al that is past, & guide
vs in that which is to come,
that we fall not but stande fast
in the way of thy will, Amen.

*A praier for the Cap-
taine.*

DE fend the righte-
ous cause of thy
seruant: assist mee
with strength a-
gainst mine enimies, with the
wisedome of thy spirit against
the policie of man, that beeing
wholie guided by thee, I may
fight manfullie in thy quarrel,
to the building of thy Church,
and vtter rebuke of her aduer-
saries. Without thee, & foun-
taine of goodnesse, and God of
2 mine

mine estate I can doo nothing.
Arme mee therefore with thy
grace, with the buckler of thy
word, that I may bee able not
onely to war with, but also to
ouermatch Satan my deadlye
foe, and al his hellish band, set-
ting themselues against thee
and thine annointed. Enriche
me with thy mercie, that I may
bee able to put vpon mee the
whiteraiment offaith, and be-
ing clothed with it, may stande
sure against the soming miny-
sters of the diuel, that no storm
may ouerturne or dismay me.
O Lord kepe me from al wrest-
ling affections, from inordi-
nate motions defende mee, O
Lord. Let al discord be remo-
ued, whereby thy pellican chil-
dren

dren may be disseuered. But
nourishe O God of loue, thy
babes with the spirite of pati-
ence, that I and they beeing of
one minde, may doo our ende-
uoures, and bende our whole
strength to the reedifieng of
mother Sion, which traueleth
with sorrowes, and sinketh in
the mist of heresies, vnles thou
pul hir out by the hande of thy
mercic: which doo O gracious
God, I beseech thee, Amen.

*A praier for the soul-
diour.*



His worlde is no-
thing else but a sea
of trouble, heere
the diuel stormeth,
there the worlde frowneth, on

euerie side the flesh assaulterh
vs, so that our life may well be
tearmed a warrefare, and our
daies a treasure of dangers. O
Lorde, with the anchor of thy
mercie vphold vs, that we sink
not in the sea of this troublous
time: but guide vs with thy
holie spirit, that our liues may
please thee, and wee in our
death praise thee, through Ie-
sus Christ our Lord. Plant the
tree of peace among vs, lette it
flourish to the gladdening of
our harts; that al dissention cut
off, wee may be linked in one
knot of Christian vnitie, ga-
thered into one sheepfold, and
guided by thee our onelie and
one shepheard. Let nothing
sunder the members of thy
body

bodie, but cherish and nourish
them with a full perswasion of
brotherhood, in the vnitie of
our Sauour, and thee our one
and onlie father, Amen.

*A prayer in time of
death.*

O Mightie God and
maker of al things:
thou art iuste, and
in iustice hast thou
scourged vs: we confesse it, O
Lord. Our liues haue deserued
thy whip, the excessiue riot of
sinne hath merited the famine
and want of thy gracious be-
nefites: but notwithstanding
louing Lord, burie our iniqui-
ties in the multitude of thy
wonted goodnes, and blesse vs
4. with

with the store of thy mercie,
that as wee may nowe declare
thy iustice reuealed agaynste
sinne : so likewise wee may
preach and blase abroad to the
worlde, the bottomlesse pit of
thine infinit pittie. O gracious
Lord, thou gauest rhine onely
sonne our Iesus to the death,
euen to the death of the crosse
by his bitter passion to pur-
chase our redemption. As thou
hast giuen him : so good Lord
giue vs all thy benefites with
him, that as thou hast by him
redeemed vs, so wee in him
may bee sustained, during this
transitorie life, with fulnesse of
thy grace, tyll the daie of his
great visitation, when meting
him in the clouds, we shall be
set

let on his right hande, to liue
with him in fulnesse of ioye for
euer. Defend vs, O Lord, from
extreme needines, and correct
vs not in thine anger; but store
vs with sufficient in thy mer-
cie. Foode and raiment, good
Lord wee aske no more. Giue
vs and grant vs this our petiti-
on, and giue vs grace therwith
to be content, Amen.

*A praier against the feare
of death.*



Hy handes haue
rained me O lord.
And whereas to
the blemishe of all
his posteritie, father Adam
made himselfe thorough follie
worse than nothing, a cursed
g. r. caitse.

caitife, euen thine vtter eni-
mie: it pleased thee of vnmé-
rited goodnes, to leaue the col-
ledge of thy Saints: the nine-
tie nine iust sheepe, the bande
of thy blessed angels, to seeke
the straieng sheepe, the groate
that lost that royall stamp of a
pure nature, to the vtter dis-
gracing of all his progenie.

Man, this loste sheepe thou
soughtest O Iesus, thou foun-
dest sweet Iesus, by death thou
foundest her, by bleeding
paines thou foundest her, by
nailed hands and bored feete
thou foundest her, by a sharpe
& thornie crowne, which pear-
ced thy glorious head, by she-
ding of thine owne bloud, by
drinking of veneger in thine
extreme

extreme thirst, by suffering the most violent death of y^e crosse thou foundest her: and so foundest thy lost sheepe, man, loste man, sinfull man, the childe of wrath O Iesus.

O louing Iesus & tender harted Samaritan, that of a sicke hast salued, of a sore sinner hast saued him, of a wicked Creature washed him cleane in the streame of thine inestimable mercie. O Iesu, O gracious Iesu, thou hast sought loste man, and founde lost man, by condemning sinne, by breaking the bands of the diuel, by conquering hell, sinne, death and diuel, in the flesh.

Sith therefore thou hast e, O louing Iesu, pitifull Iesu, of thy
mercie

mercy, shed thy bloud, not on-
lie for my firste father Adam,
but also for mee, euen for the
whole worlde, that as sinne ou-
erran al men to condemnat-
ion by one man: so in thee al the
nations of the worlde might
bee blessed. And sith thou hast
not onelie made a ful purgati-
on for my sinnes, beeing the
slaughtered Lambe that hast
taken awaie the sinnes of the
worlde: but also soong a con-
quest ouer sinne, which hath
lost his sting, death which was
dead, & hel which had lost the
victorie, and the dragon which
thou ouercammet in heauen,
by preaching libertie to Cap-
tiues, and leading captiuitie
captiue, there is no cause whie

I should faint and feare death.

Arme mee therefore, O Lord,
with this faith, that thou hast
dashed Death in peeces with
the rod of thy merits, & drow-
ned the diuell in the riuers of
thy pretious blood, that no tor-
ment or biting paine of the
fleshe sunder mee from thee
most louing Iesu: but imprint
in my heart thy grace, that in
greatest anguise I may be so
farre from the feare of it, as ra-
ther to crie with thy Sayntes
Come Lord Iesu, Come: and
desire to bee dissolued with
Paule, and to be with thee my
louing husband, than by anie
panges of death to refuse thee.
O Lord doo thy good will, A-
men.

Another.

Another.

O Vr Father which arte in heauen, thou art life; how shal I come vnto thee? there is no waie O Lord, but thy selfe: no man commeth vnto thee but by thee. There is no remedy but this vessel of earth must bee broken, before I shall see thee face to face euen as thou art in fulnes of glorie. Dust to duste, ashes to ashes, chaie to claie, earth muste returne to earth, to pay this borrowed tabernacle to earth whereof it came. Grassie must wither, the flower must fade, the vapour vanish, I must be dissolued before I shall be ioyned fullie to thee my head and onelie vine, wherein I liue. Thy pursouant
sicknes

sicknes must visit this body of sinne, and death muste rowe me ouer the seas of this world, vnto thee in the barke of faith, by the anchor of thy couenāts made to the house of Dauid. O Lord therefore giue me grace to welcome death, by which I must passe to life, that dieng in thee I may be blessed, and liue in the storehouse of thy ioyes for euer, Amen.

Another.

O Louing husbände, mine onely Iesus, sleepe not, slumber not : but awake my ioye, awake my comfort, and lose the bandes of my miserie. Death, death O Lord, thou hast nailed to the tree, by the preti-

ous

ous passion, and drowned Satan the prince of darkenesse in the streamie floud of thy blessed bloud. Sweet Iesus, louing Lord, and husband mine, lock vp the faith of this thy merit in my heart, and clip mee in the sweete armes of thy wonted comfort. Kisse me, kisse mee, pitious Iesu, pittie mee, and be not angrie with mee. Diuorce me not O mercifull Iesus: but marrie me in mercie, and call me in thy fauor to the mariage of grace, that beeing thine by the testimonie of thy spirite, I may singe with a brasen face:
swaine, where is thy sling? bel where is thy victorie? Mercie O Lorde, mercie, loue, louing God, loue is thy name: mercie is my sute,
O

O bottomlesse pitie: thy loue I
labor and crie for; Lord, Lord,
Iesus thou sonn of Dauid haue
mercie vpon mee, and spread
forth the banners of thy com-
fort, that I may knowe that I
am thine, and knowing it, may
neuer distrust thine inestima-
ble mercie, Amen.

Another in forme of a
confetsion.

IN thy name, O
Lord, Amen. I ac-
knowledge to the
publishing of God
his glorie, and the comfort of
my soule, that I am Gods his
owne childe, that he hath crea-
ted me of nothing, redeemed
me being lost, & preserved me
from

from the wombe till this time,
In him haue I onely trusted, &
neuer shal be confounded. Be-
loued friendes in the Lord, for
your comfort and mine owne
duetie, heare my confession,
which every christian is bound
to make. I acknowledge ther-
fore in the face of GOD Al-
mightie, before you all, that
whether I liue or die, I am his.
He hath suffered death to saue
mee from death, he was crow-
ned with thornes to crowne
me with glorie: he was bored
and nailed to the tree, to payle
and to crucifie the finnes of
the whole world. He was con-
tent to be pearced and goared
with a speare, yea so pearced,
that the blood gushed out, and
for

for nothing else but to washe
me cleane from the sore of sin,
in the streames of his mercie.
For this with one consent lett
vs crie, Our soules doo magni-
fie the Lord, and our spirits re-
ioise in God our Sauour. Sec-
condlie I confesse, that though
Christe in his pretious blood
hath clensed me from the filth
of sinne, that notwithstanding
I doo nothing in this present
life, but heape sinne vppon sin,
and hourde vp trespasse vpon
trespasse, so that this daie is
worse alwaies than yesterdaie,
by increasing as daies, so sins:
and therefore the indignation
of God against mee. But yet
those of hel shal not be able to
preuaile against me. For there

is

is no condemnation to them
that are in Christ Iesus my Sa-
uiour. Thirdlie I confes that as
my life is sinful, so it is shorte ;
like a smoke, like a shaddowe,
like a warrefare, like a flower
that fadeth, grasse that wither-
eth, a word that soon passeth,
it is like a bubble in the water,
a weauers shuttle : it is a span
long and no moe. Againe it is
not onelie short but also mise-
rable. For it is an exile, a vale
of miserie, it is a wilderness, it
is stuffed with sorrowes, a cage
of enimies, a sea of myseries, a
dungeon of gronings & grie-
uous sobbings : it is a storme, a
tempest that wonderfullie tro-
bleth the people of our hea-
uenlie father : belecue me, it is
no

no better than a womans tra-
uell, and that is extremelie mi-
serable: and therefore, as not
onelie short but also wretched
I am willing to forsake it. Yea
death, welcome death; sicknes,
sicknes of all messengers wel-
come art thou. A due vile life,
farewell life, sinneful life adue,
and welcome death the purse-
uant of my louing Sauour: for
by thee my miserie shall end.
From war to peace, from this
stormie worlde into the calme
countrie of heauen: from gro-
nings and sobbings, from this
vale of fighings, to the pallace
of ioy: from earth to heauen,
from sintull men & wild beasts
to beloued friendes, by death I
shall passe to life, to haue the
com-

companie of holie Patriarkes,
and blessed Saints, to haue the
sight of the glorious Trinitie,
to haue and inherit such ioye,
as neither eie hath seene, nor
eare heard, nor hart euer con-
ceiued. By death I shal haue li-
bertie without imprisonment,
health without sicknesse, ioye
without sorrow, plesure with-
out paine, in such securitie, e-
ternitie and perpetuitie as pas-
seth all thoughtes. The holie
ones of GOD my father, the
blessed Aungels and Archan-
gels they haue attained it, but
neuer can they sufficientlie e-
steeme of it. So that O death,
thou art welcome: welcome
sicknes for my Lord Iesus hath
new sent thee to fetch me from
this

this prison to his palace, from
a strange contrie to my home,
from this place of teares and
mourning to the daie of marri-
age, sweet Iesus to marry thee
in thy mercies for euer. Heare
deerely beloued, heare and re-
ioyse with me. Sicknes is com,
death is in comming as a pur-
seuant from my louing Iesus, to
cite me to appeare before him,
that he may appoint me a man-
sion in his fathers house, to sit
with him at the table of ioy for
euer. O the great ioy and on-
lie ioy of a Christian; Nowe I
shall lie noe more in this pri-
son: nowe I shall haue Paules
wish: for I shall bee deliuered
from this bodie of sinne: now
shal I depart in peace with Si-
meon

meon to haue that peace that
passeth all vnderstanding, and
surmounteth al thought. Now
now shall I see the amiable ta-
bernacles of my Lorde : nowe
shall I enter the courtes of my
God, where one daye is better
than a thousande else-where:
now shal I be a doorekeeper in
the house of mine heauenlie
father, now shal I appeare be-
fore the presence of God, now
doth his kingdome come, now
Lord Iesus, now thou comest
to carrie my soule into ioy, In-
to thy hands therefore I comit
my spirite. Beloued brethren
this is my testamente, which I
leauē vnto you, it offereth
great ioye, and no matter of
Tears. Shead therefore no
teares

teares, for better is the daye of death than the daye of birth. I entered my life with a crye, it coste my mother payne and teares to beare mee, but yet it cost my louing Iesus his bloud to saue mee, you, and all the world. Enuy not therefore my luckines, that now I shall passe from you out of this vale of teares, vnto him who died that I with him mighte liue in ioye for euer.

If you will mourne, mourne for your owne sinnes, mourne for your selues, that you shall not so soone sup with God my father as I shall doo: & mourne not for me, for you shall shortly follow me, and lose me but for a time, when you shall see

H. I.

in

in heauen for euer. For blessed
are the dead that die in y Lord,
whose name for euer bee glo-
rified, Amen.

*A praier for the rich
man.*



Hou art the Wel-
spring of all good
thinges, O louinge
Lorde; thou art the
riche storehouse and cheste of
mercie for al naked Adamites.
O Loue inestimable; We are
born into this Vale of miserie,
not only wicked in soule, but
euen also naked in body: a de-
serued entraunce for vs by fa-
ther Adam, through desire of
soueraigntie: but an undeser-
ued thing it is, O good GOD

that

that notwithstanding our mer-
ited pouertie & deserued na-
kednesse, by rebellion against
thy Maiestie, thou shouldest
thus cloath me with thy bene-
fites: with plentie against pe-
nurie, with friendship against
enimitie, with health against
sickenesse, with store against
needinesse. This O Lord, is an
vnmerted benefite, for the
which after my bounden duty,
I giue thee hartty thanks. But
what shall I say? what suffici-
ent thanks shall I render vnto
thee? for thou hast not onely
armed mee against pouertie:
but also chosen mee as a stew-
ard to vnlocke the chest of thy
benefites to needye Lazarus,
that as thou hast loued mee, so

I should tender thee in him. O Lord giue me thy grace, that I may bee thy steward, by clothing the naked, by feeding the hungry, lodging the harbourles, and defending the fatherles: that I may bee able to render a faithfull account of my stewardshipp vnto thee in the daie of reuelation. Graunt this O Father, for Christe his sake, Amen.

Another.

O Father of Heauen, and rich God of mercie. Behold thy poore creature, in sinne, in grace poore: bestowe vppon mee some mite of thy mercie, cloath mee with the merits of thy sonne Iesus, and bathe my naked bodie in his preti-

precious bloud : satisfie my
 hungrie soule with a crum of
 thy gracious blessings, that be-
 ing cloathed with the armour
 of his meritorious passion, I
 neede not to feare the naked,
 the desperate corruption, or
 rather wages of nature. Moi-
 sten my heart with the honye-
 dew of thy great & rich grate,
 that as thou hast enriched me
 beyonde my desert, beyng by
 sinne an enimie vnto thee : so
 I maye continue riche in good
 workes, to the profite of my
 neighbours, to the comfort of
 mine owne soule, and to the
 manifestation of thy glorious
 maiestie. O Lorde, thou art a
 zealous God, Such a God as
 wishest my healthe, and the
 safety

safetie of thy Creatures, haue
therefore mercy vppon mee,
blesse me with faith towards
thee, with loue towards my
neighbour, and a godlie care
towards my selfe, that thou in
thy selfe mayest be magnified,
& my conscience reioyse in the
testimony of a good life, whose
reward in thy sonne Christe is
life eternal, Amen.

The Beggars prayer.

O Mighty Lord, and
prouident G O D,
y^e stewardest of thy
plentious store-
house are not moued to feede
the hungrie, to cloath the na-
ked, and lodge the poore Pyl-
grime at his piteous crie, but
not-

notwithstanding all this their tyrannie, Father forgiue them, and pardon mee, as I forgiue them that haue trespassed against me. Rake the fire of charitie out of the dead ashes, and quicken it O Lord, that I may warme mee in thy familie, in time of extremitie: and they be ready in thy great audit to render a full account of their stewardshippe vnto thee. But first of all doo I begge grace of thee, that I may euer seek thy kingdome, and so bee perswaded in hart by thy word, that I shal want nothing, but that all other things shal be added vnto me. This doo I aske of thee, O father of Heauen, that euer criest, Aske & haue. Giue mee
4 faith

faith to aske in certaintye, that
I may looke without doubt for
this thy craued mercie, ô Lord
I beseech thee, Amen.

Another.

OAue mercie vpon mee : O
Lorde, and pardon myne
offenses, the rich men of this
worlde will scarce looke vpon
me, or vouchsafe to relieue my
necessitie with the crummes of
their ouer-streaming tables.
But yet O Lord, I beseech thee
forgiue them, and denye mee
not the crums of thy grace: but
looke vppon me with the piti-
ous eie of thy louing counte-
nance. Assist mee so O Lorde,
with thy holy spirit, that being
alwaies content with my cal-
ling, I may seeke to serue thee
in

in holinesse and purenes of li-
 uing without feare al the daies
 of my life. Beate me with po-
 uertie, beate me O Lord, strike
 wound, doo thy good will, ô lo-
 uing God: so thou saue mee of
 thy mercie, wherein lieth al the
 ioy of my soule. Giue mee thy
 grace, neuer to misdoubte thy
 prouidence, that neuer doub-
 ting of thy fatherly care, I may
 with a gladsome heart endure
 the end of my warrefare. Giue
 me a contented minde, let thy
 wil be my wil, and my will al-
 waies answerable to thy will,
 that I neuer offende thee, but
 doo my dutie in louing thee, &
 wishing well to all the world,
 Amen.

h. 5.

The

The Widowes praier.

O LORD, I thanke thee that thou hast scourged me with the death of myne husband. He was bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: hee by the couenant of matrimonie was made one bodie with me: thou gauest him vnto mee, and thou haste taken him from mee: blessed be thy name for euer. The bandes of death haue sundered mee from him: but I hope O Lorde, by the power of thy holye spirite, that nothing shall bee able to separate mee from thee myne onelye Iesus, the onely ioye of my soule, put the axe of thy
mer-

mercie to the roote of wanton nature, and cut it off: that I doo not marrie the vanitie of this wicked worlde: but put vpon mee the garment of innocencie, and tie about my hart the iewel of faith, that I may onelie marry thee in the couenant of thy heauenlie father, louing Iesus, and haue nothing to doo with the adulterer the Dyuell, the father of deadly fornication. This is the only bed of ioy wherein I will sleep O Lord, & the onlie arke of cōfort, wherein I wil saile, till I shal see thee face to face. To whome bee praise and honour both now and euer, Amen.

The

The Tenants praier.

I Thanke thee, O fa-
ther of Heauen,
that thou haste
made me after thine
owne image. Thou mightest
haue made me a frog, a worm,
a tree, but thou hast not doone
it, O Lorde? And what was in
cause? surelie not my merit, for
I was not before thou madest
me: it was thy mercye, good
Lorde, the true mother of all
mankind. Thou hast not made
me a king, a ruler, a lorde: no
Lorde, but I thanke thee for it,
thou hast made me a tenant of
men, but yet in thee, that euer
I might acknowledge thee in
them my cheefe Lorde in hea-
uen.

ue. Giue me grace O Lord, to
thankfull for this thy wil, and
dutifullie to walke in my voca
tion, and giue mee thy grace,
that as I am a tenant to man,
so I may alwaies bee a tenant
to thee, to doo thee seruice, to
paye thee yeerelie my hourelly
rent, which is a thankfull hart
for all thy benefites. If man
would haue mee to do wrong
against right, Lorde giue mee
of thy grace to consider, that
better it is to be thy Tennant
than mans. If the diuel and the
worlde entising mee to walke
wantonly seeke my destructi-
on: giue mee grace O God, to
consider, that al things are sub
iect to thine vniuersall power.
and shal not they obeie? how
then

then can they or dare they assault me to hurt me, fastening the anchor of my faith vpon so sure and firme a rocke? if the fleshe make warre against the spirit, to make me seruiceable to sinne, minister strength vnto me O Lorde, that being thy tenant, and a child of thy familie, I may winne the field, and fighting valiauntlye, may be crowned eternallie with thy sonne Iesus my blessed Sauior, Amen.

*The fatherlesse childes
praier.*



Lorde, so narrowe is the mouthe of charitie, so consumed is the fire-brand

brand of Christian loue, that
although the foxes haue their
holes, & birds their neastes, yet
haue wee no place to reſte our
heads on. As Pilgrimes wee
wander from place to place,
and are driuen with the winds
of pinching pouertie vpon the
ſeas of this worlde to ſeeke re-
liefe; but alas and woe to the
worlde for it. The rich man de-
uoureth all ſuperfluitie, or elſe
hourdeth vppeto fill hys Gar-
nets niggardlie: ſo that Laza-
rus may not onely walke amid
the ſtreetes naked, but alſo lie
begging at the gates full ſore,
and yet go without the crums
which fall from the Table, to
eaſe the tune of his neceſſitie.
O Lord therefore do I ſlie vnto
thee:

thee: haue thou mercie vpon
me, for it is onely thou which
fillest with thy blessing euerie
living thing. I am better than a
farthing sparrowe O Lorde:
thou knowest it and I acknow-
ledge it to my comfort. Feede
my soule with the fleshe of thy
sonne, and let me drinke of his
bloud, that seeking firste thy
kingdome, I may in the end be
crowned with glorie, and sit
at the table of ioy in hea-
uen with thee. O Lord
grant this, I be-
seech thee,
Amen.



A Sword against the *feare of death.*

Wherein is liuelie declared,
with what weapons a
Christian souldiour should fight
to hold and keepe his own:
made by the said

E. H.

The first weapon:

Consider thy selfe.



AN dooth consist
of twoe partes, an
earthly bodie, and
soule spiritual. Thy
bodie what is it? It is a case of
thy soule, such a case as is a pri-
son

lon, and theretore Dauid desirous of life eternall, and the sight of his master Christ, cried out; Oh, howe long shall I lie in this prison? Yea this case of the soule is such a cage of filth, as a man of God hath said, that no Bocardo, noe dungeon, no sinke, no puddle, no pitte is in any respect so euil a prison for this bodie, as the body is of the soule. For it is suche a case, as stinketh in the sight of God, a bodye of sinne is this cage of the soule, and therefore cried Paule out, oh wretch that I am; who shal deliuer me from this bodie of sinne?

Beholde deere Chrystians, such an heauie burden was the bodie to the soule, that Paule was

was willing to giue this world
a farewel, & with father Sime-
on hee wished that hee might
depart in peace. Oh that we
had this courage of Paule! or
were as godlie wise as Dauid,
to locke that vpp in the closet
of our heartes, which they had
fullie digested. For then wee
shoulde haue a wished famine
of mourning Christians, or ra-
ther vnchristian Painims, who
doe weepe and waile for the
dissolution of this earthie and
fraile tabernacle, which Dauid
longed for, and Paule with fa-
ther Simeon desired.

Dauid that father of the faith-
ful and mouth of the holie spi-
rite, he was a man after GOD
his owne hart, whom God had
spiced

spiced with grace, and made
of his mercie a vessel of honor.
He was a pillar of mother Si-
on, he liued in the childhood of
the Church, when the cloud
of the lawe did yet ouershad-
dowe the appearance of the
sunne in fulnes of comfort. He
desired to se the day but could
not see it, which is now paste,
wherin the sonne of God hath
opened fully the storehouse of
ioy: and yet beeing wearie of
the burthen of his bodie, and
willing to forsake it as a most
stinking prison house, without
feare of death he crieth out, Oh
how long shall I lie in this pri-
son?
¶ Paule ioineth hands with fa-
ther Dauid, euen Paule, that
notable

notable Organne of the holie Ghost, who saide of himselfe : It is not I that liue, but Christ that liueth in mee. Hee that in body saw the Lorde, and knew that as a vapour his life should vanish, & so he in a small space should suppe with his mayster Christe in heauen, after his ascension : yet carryng about himselfe this case of the soule, accounteth himself wretched, and therefore cryeth out : Oh wretch that I am? who shal deliuer me from this body of sin? As if hee shoulde haue saide, I knowe that the time will come when men will faint in faithe, and broch infidelitie : when this life shall bee more loued than wisely lothed, & this bo-
die

die more esteemed than god-
linesse wil suffer. I knowe foo-
lish parentes will be so bewit-
ched with the immoderate
loue of their children, that they
wil grudge at the will of God,
when he calleth them, and sor-
rowe and sighe a long time af-
ter their departures, which is
both sinne and follie. But I tell
them that they ought to re-
ioise, bicause they are rested
from theyr laboures, bicause
they are passed from Death to
life, because they are blessed.
For wretch, O wretche that I
am! who shal deliuer mee out
of this body of sinne?

The bodie which you haue
lost, is but a bodie of sinne, it is
but a prison of the soule, as fa-
ther

ther Dauid speaketh, it is but
a burthen of the soule: so that
by Death they are deliuered
from sinne to safetie, from im-
prisonment to libertie, from a
yoke of myserie to endles feli-
citie: and therefore, oh wretch
that I am, who shal deliuer me
from this body of sinne? Paule
indeed knewe that this world
was an exile, and Heauen his
contrey, that he was a pilgrim,
this world but an Inne, & hea-
uen his home: nay at a sight of
his owne Countrey when hee
was rapt, hee saw at his owne
home, whence by sin hee was
banished in Adam, such ioyes
as eie neuer sawe, nor eare
heard, nor heart ever concei-
ued. These are the ioyes which
shall

shal endure for euer, for number vnmeasurable, for durance perpetual, and without end or period. And therefore let euery Christian bee readie and willing, in ioy of spirit to welcome death, & in token thereof learne to crie out with Paule :
Oh wretch that I am, who shal deliuer me from this bodye of sinne ?

Lette vs account our selues wretched, as long as we carry this weede of earth aboute vs, vntill our soules bee vncased, and wee deliuered from this body of sinne. But if examples will not bee of force to schoole vs, yet let nature speake and preuaile. The seconde causes whereof you are made, are the
foure

four elements, which concur to the constitution of euery mixt creature, and being euer at combat, doe also naturally worke the shipwracke of the same, according to the common axiome & rule of nature. The causes of corruption are all one with the causes of generation: and therefore vnlesse we wil denie nature, and be vnthankful to God for our creation, we may not in anye case feare death, which is mothered vpon nature our common and generall mother. But if neyther example nor Nature will or can preuaile, yet let the authoritye of our Heauenlie Creatour, and his wisdom compell vs to welcome death,

I. I.

and

and to accept willinglye the condition of our bodies.

Our bodies and soules God created, he made them by the power of his almightie hande, and hath lente them vnto vs but for a time to vse, til mother earth require the bodie, and he our soules. For, as of earth wee came: so into earth wee must returne againe: & therefore vnles we will be vnthankfull to nature, and rebellious to God, wee must bee willing to paie our debts vnto him, least if we doe it not, he cast vs into prison, til we haue paid the vttermost farthing. So much for thy bodie.

Now consider thy soule, As thy bodie is a prison, so is thy soule

soule during this pilgrimage a prisoner; as it is a body of sin, so is thy soule lodged in a most stinking prison: as it is of earth earthy: so is thy soule an exile from heauen, heauenlie: & therefore to feare death, it is to feare the deliuey of thy soule from prison, which is meere follie: it is to wish a stinking lodging and a filthie cage to dwell in, and euer to carie it about thee, which is a very harde and extreame misery: it is to wish thy continuall banishmente from the ioyefull realme of heauen, thy natural countrey, which is extreame madnes. So that vnles you wil be counted foolish, wretched, carelesse and mad, who are willed to be as wise as

2 serpents,

ſerpents, you muſte in no caſe
feare death, which is the beſt
gheſt that euer came to the
godlie. For now there is noe
cōdemnation to them that are
in Chriſt Ieſus, but bleſſed are
the dead that die in the Lord.

The ſecond weapon :

Conſider thy life.

IT is ſhort, vncer-
teine, and miſera-
ble. It is ſhort: for
man that is borne
of a woman hath but a ſhorte
time to liue: the daies of man
are the dayes of an hyrelinge,
yea winde, and nothing: as ſa-
ther Iob telleth vs. A man in
his time is but graſſe, and flou-
riſheth as a flower of the field.

For

For as soone as the wind goeth
ouer it, it is gone, and the place
thereof knoweth it no more :
as the prophet Dauid teacheth

There is a time to be borne,
and a time to die. And man is
like a thing of naught, his daies
passe away like a shaddowe. It
is the proclamation of the
Lorde, vttered by Esay, that al
flesh is grasse, and al the glorie
of man as the flower of grasse.
And it is tolde vs by Paule, that
heere we haue no continuing
citty, but wee seeke for one
to come . This is it which is
shaddowed vnto vs in sundrie
similitudes. Saynt Iames say-
eth: Our life is euen a vapour
that appeereth for a little time,
and then vanisheth away. Our
daies

daies on the earth also are but as a shadowe, & there is none abiding. They are like a bubble in the water, like a weavers shuttle, like a smoke, they are like a thought, soone conceiued, and soone ended. Darlie experience dooth teache vs thus muche. For wee see, that by some storme or other, the greene apple falleth before the mellowed fruite, the lambe is brought to the slaughterhouse as wel as the sheepe, the chicken is killed for the broath as wel and sooner than the cock: yong men passe awaie as wel as old, our daies are short, our life is as the shadowe.

Now therefore reason with me, Shal we feare death for the losse

losse of a shadow? shal wee by
sighs and sobs storme againste
the Lord for the losse of a va-
poure? nay, shall we not rather
be glad to forgo the shadowe,
and by death desire to be knit
more fullye to our bodie Iesus,
whereof wee are members in
faith and hope? O ye of lyttle
faith, crie vnto the God of hea-
uen: Lord increase our faith.
Be content to leaue this vapo-
rous life, and welcome death,
and cry in a ful beleefe. Come
Lord Iesu, come, shorten these
latter daies for thine elect sake
and saue vs. Saue vs, O Lord
saue vs, haue mercie vpon vs,
and helpe vs, helpe Lord, and
by a blessed death cite vs to
appeare before thee. For one
daie

daie in thy court, is better than
a thousand elsewhere, Amen.

Secondly, consider that thy
life is vncerteine. For death is
like a theefe that commeth at
vncertaine houres, he is like a
thundercracke, that soundeth
on a sudden: yea, this life is so
vncerteine, that death may ask
his due in the swathcloth, and
none be able to resist him. He
is alwaies a prince, hee ruleth
not only in the haruest, but also
in the spring time and summer.
Yoong menne and babes olde
men and maydes, greene and
ripe, al are one: death excep-
teth no persons, hee neuer re-
gardeth our yeares, but with
his sharpe syth on a sudden he
cutteth al downe. So y our life
is

is like a ruinous houle, alwaies
readie to fal: like a thin thred,
alwaies readie to rotte: like a
running cloud, wherof we are
uncerteine, where and when it
falleth. This cloud sometimes
melteth in the cradle, somtims
in the chaire. Death is like the
sunne, whensoever it shineth,
it melteth our cloudie life, bee
the cloud thereof neuer so thin
or thicke in yeres.

Our life nowe being as vn-
certeine as the weathercocke,
which turneth at every blast:
or like the waue, which moun-
teth at every storme: or lyke
the reede which boweth at e-
very whisteling winde: whye
shoulde we loue it, and not ra-
ther loath it, in comparison of

the euerduring life of the heauenlie citizens, wherevnto by death we passe in mercie, Oh that al Christians woulde ingraue in their harts, the waering dayes of this vncertaine life, and consider and looke for in a ful faith, the certaintie of that ioyfull life, wherevnto death dooth bring vs; For then woulde wee, that sayle as pilgrimes on the waters of this world, and are tossed dangerouslie by diuers pyrates, the flesh, sinne, and the diuell; desire, & with hartie praier craue of the Lorde, that in the barge of a liuely faith, by his mariner death, he woulde carrie vs to the certeine and blessed life of his saints.

It we were thus godly wile
to consider the vncerteintie of
this momentanie life : or so
happie, as to ponder the eter-
nall felicitie of Ierusalem, and
restful Canaan, we would ra-
ther ioy and be merrie, when
sicknes and death shal visit vs,
than mourne and sorrowe for
it. For they are the Lords am-
bassadours, which are sent to
bring vs tidinges that dynner
and supper is readye, and the
banket of glorie to bee miny-
fired : and that we must come
without tarrieng to marrie
him, and to enioy him face to
face euen as he is : and there-
fore with willing mind to paie
our debted bodie to mother
earth whereof wee borrowed
them :

them: and to him our soules,
that hee may marrie them in
the couenant of his Eternall
mercies.

We are borne into this world
naked, our heritage is sin and
myserie, our life is labour and
sorrowe, we our selues are but
tenaunts vnder mother earth,
concerning our bodies: and
vnder GOD, concerning our
soules: which God, our God of
ioy and father of comforte, by
his owne sonne, hath bought
vs an inheritance immortall,
and vndefiled for euer, vnto
the which by sicknes & death,
as the messengers of his wil, he
calleth vs.

Is all this so? and shall wee
feare death? no: for shame let

vs

vs bid adieu to this shorte and vncertaine lyfe, and receyue death in ioy of spirite, as an accomplishment of the obligation of his couenant, wherewith he bound himselfe of his meere mercie, beyond any merite of ours, that wee shoulde neuer see death, but haue euerlasting life.

vnlesse therefore you will mourne against death, bicause by it you passe from an vncertaine, to a certaine life: from these sorrowing and wauering daies, to an euerlasting and incorruptible inheritance: and so shew your selues rather willing to haue the fleshepots in Aegypt for euer, than to passe to heauen, and to eate of comfortable

fortable manna, not in the wilderness, but in new Ierusalem: see that ye feare not death, but loue it, and welcome it, whensoever the Lorde will sende it vnto you.

Thirdlye, consider thy life is miserable. It is not only short, but also miserable: yea, I may well tearme it a kingdome of miserie. New borne babes do what they can, to persuaade vs of the truth of this matter. For they beginne not this life with smiling countenance, but with weeping eies. By their crie what else dooth nature sing or signifie vnto vs, but that thorough our sinnes, our life is become a continual warfare, and the world our enimie, euen a
valed

vale of miserie, besette with
thornes to pricke vpon euerie
side.

Righteous Abell founde in
his life time a thorn of his own
blood to trouble & molest him
euen Caine his own brother to
bache his blade in his blood,
& villanouslie to murder him.
Iohn Baptist, the bright daye-
star, and forerunner of Christ,
the sunne of righteousness, he
found a thornie Herode to be-
head him, and holie Stephan
stonie Iewes to dispatche him.
Yea, what is this life but a far-
dle of miserie, wherein Christ
our blessed sauior tasted of no-
thinge, but of the sower grape
of persecution? For, no sooner
was this lambe of God come
into

into the world: but Herod, by the decree of his hellishe conuocation, was ready to deuour him: this was a miserie to mother Marie. And maruelouslie doth it paint out the mysery of this life, that the hony babe Iesus, the very lambe of God and light of this world is so welcomen into the world, which intended mischief.

And where hee by the providence of his heavenly father, escaped the snare of the ravenous fowler, yet for his sake doo the children and sucklings of Bethleem and the coastes thereof, as many as were two yerres old and vnder, preache vnto vs the miserie of this our life. The voicet that was heard

in Ramah, moorning, weping,
and great lamentation. Rachell
weeping for hir children, with
out all comfote, because they
were not, teacheth vs, and cri-
eth out vpon the miserable life
of man.

If al careles Epicures would
aske the iudgement of Father
Iob in this case, he would ex-
pounde the mysticall cries of
tender sucklinges, that man
which is borne of a woman,
hath not onely a short time to
liue, but also a miserable life to
lead: that his life is a warfare,
continual labour and sorrow.
This iudgement of Iob, with-
out all doubte was rooted in
him and his brother Ieremie.
And thereof it came, without
question

question, that they did curse,
not onlie the daie of birth, but
also him that brought the mes-
sage to their father, that a child
was borne. They had fullie
considered the degrees of their
miserie. Their birth place was
but a foule and filthie dunge-
on, they themselues were but a
substance of bloud and instru-
ments of their mothers : their
nourishment little better than
venom, & their birth not with-
out extreme pains of the deere
mother, and violent offense of
their tender bodies.

They knewe throughlie that
they were conceiued in filth
and vncleannes, born in sinne
and care, and nourished with
paine and labour. They dyd
know

knowe themselves to haue bin
like cralling wormes, and that
at their entrie into this worlde
they were apparelled with
bloud. And therefore conside-
ring their miserable condition
they curssed the daye of their
wretched birth.

Yea, this made father Iere-
mie to wishe, that his mothers
wombe hadde serued for his
tumble: and father Esaie to be-
waile his birth, and to murmur
against the knees that helde
him vppe, and also the breasts
that gaue him suck. They had
fully conceiued, that man was
made of the slime of the earth,
conceiued in sinne, borne in
paine, and at the laste made a
prey for wormes. This miserie
of

of mans life had they tullie digested, and therefore wished to haue died before they were borne.

Come hither now, beloued Christians : wee are manie an ace short of Iob, Ieremie, or Esay, in life and in iudgement. One, after a through sifting of this miserable life, wished that his mothers wombe had been his tumb: another murmured at the paps that gaue him suck the third cursed the daie of his birth : and not onelie that, but him also that firste declared it. Did they soe lyttle sette by this myserable life, as to curse it : and so little loue the pappes that norished them, as to murmur against them : yea, the ver-

rie

rie knees that helde them vp,
and by reason of this wretched
pilgrimage, to be so wearie of
this life, as to wishe they had
beene buried in their mothers
wombe? and shall wee feare
death?

They wished they had neuer
liued: and shal we, for feare of
death, wishe euer, or a longe
time to liue? they cursed the
daie of their birth, whoe were
holie men: and shal we weepe
for the daie of death, the verie
ende of their wishe? did they
murmur against the paps that
gaue them sucke, and shall not
we welcome death, when the
Lord sendeth him? naye they
murmured euen againste the
knees that did beare them vp:
and

and thal not we bee willing to
surrender heade, feete, handes,
heart, knees, and al, to mother
earth, and to salute death in
ioy of spirit?

Pie for shame! and out vp-
on vs! if we doo not willinglie
and merrilie wishe, and crye:
Thy kingdome come, o father
of heauen! Come Lord Iesus,
come. Let vs denie the olde
man, & cherish our hope that
wee haue in the full merites of
Christ: that when the Lorde
shall call, we may come vnto
him, without anye rebellion.
And as for death, account of it
but as a moste blessed ende or
period of this wretched life, &
an axe that cutteth off al mis-
eries: and therefore feare it not.

The

The thirde weapon :*Consider the commodities
of death.*

WE are tossed & tur-
moyled vppon the
seas of this world,
with manie a dan-
gerous tempest : euen till wee
be wearie, or at least should be
with holie Paule, of our short,
vncerteine, & miserable liues
and then dooth the Lorde, euen
of mercie, call vs to reste and
ioy with his Saints in heauen
that resting from our labours,
wee may continuallie prayse
him with the band of his holie
Angels.

By death he deliuereth vs
from danger, and therefore to
arme

arme vs againſt the feare thereof, it pleaſed the holie ſpirit to cal death a ſleepe: by the which being diſpatched of all aduerſities, wee are brought to our graues, therein to lie, as it were in a ſoft featherbed, and in a ſweet ſleep, abiding the coming of Chriſt our lord, when hee ſhall knocke at the bedde and cal vs vppe, to liue for euer with him, and his holye Angels.

Death therefore doth not ſwallow vp our bodies, thogh for a time they muſt lie in the bellie of mother earth. For death is a ſleepe, and is vnpoſſible as it is, that a whole man being in a ſound ſleepe, ſhould not wake vp againe: euen ſo vnpoſſible
is

is it, that a Chryitian shoulde
continue in Death for euer.
And as for this sleepe, it is but
a shorte sleepe: for the daye is
at hand, and the time of iudg-
mente draweth neere, when
dead bodies shall arise, and the
earth shal render them vp, that
be in her, that meeting and ap-
pearing together, with our be-
loued friends, and set vpon the
right hand of his blessing, wee
may as liuely members be ful-
ly knit in our body Christ Je-
sus.

So that death is but a sleepe,
and a shorte sleepe, out of the
which, we, and al our brethren
sisters, and friends that are de-
parted in the Lorde, shall rise,
more fresh than euer we were,

K. I.

to

to leaue this fraile and earthie bodie, and to haue it made like to the glorious bodie of Iesus Christ.

And who now would feare death? or who should grudge at the Lorde for casting vs a sleepe? Death is a sleepe, the earth is the Christian mannes featherbed where he must lie, till the trumpet shall sound to awake him and call him vnto iudgement. Who wil murmur againste this necessitie? or rather againste this mercie? for mercie it is, that we die but for a time, or rather sleepe for a time: where of merit we shuld die for euer.

And therefore vnles by your Gronings and fighings you wil

ex-

exclaime against the mercy of
the Lord, by the which you are
saued, doo not seare Death, or
murmur against him: but bles
him with father lob, and thank
him hartily that he hath gran-
ted thee thy daiely petition,
wherein thou praieist, sayeng:
Our Father which art in hea-
uen, thy wil bee doone, deliuer
vs from euil.

For, as for the first, his will
is doone, whensoever any man
dieth. The verie farthing spar-
rowe can not fall without his
prouidence: the heares of our
head can not perishe, without
his will: much lesse dieth anie
man without his will, whose far
surpasseth all farthinge Spar-
rowes. So that to wishe them
2 aliuē

aliue that are departed in peace it is to wishe, that God his wil were not doone : and what is that, but to wishe that GOD were no God ? For if God bee God, his wil is iust, and muste needs be doone.

But as for many, they will acknowledge that the will of God is doone : againe, that his wil was iust in calling for their children, whome hee had but lent them for a time : and yet will carrie a biting sorrowe in their hearts, and so wil they goe neere to bringe death vppon themselves. But to such mourning mothers I saye, Why do you mourne ? this life is a warfare, death is asleepe. Why do you mourne ? this life is short,
by

by condition. and full of myl-
eries: by death they are blessed,
and rest from their labors.

Why doo you mourne? this
life is a vapour: by death, for a
vapour, they possesse an hea-
uenlie and euerdurling inheri-
tance. Why doo you mourne?
doe you not thinke that hea-
uen is better than earth: that
the companie of angels, arch-
angels, Patriarkes, Prophetes,
Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors,
Virgines, and the holy ones of
God, is better than the felow-
ship of men, and the company
of beastes.

Doo you not belecue, that
ioye is better than sorrowe?
that life eternal is better than
this short, vaine, and vile life?

that it is better to see God face to face, & to follow the lambe Iesus in heauen, in fulnesse of ioy to possesse him at his Heauenlie table to banquet with father Abraham, Isaac, & Iacob, than to dwel with you? all our fare in this worlde is dung in respect of the heauenlie meat, which Christ dooth set before them that are passed by death to life: and why then doo you mourne?

Mourne not for them, for they are happie: happie and thrise happy are they. But as I say, mourn for your selues that be not so luckie as they; to bee taken from this vale of myserie to the storehouse of felicitie, as they are. For by deathe they

they are not dead, but by death they are passed to life, to such a life as passeth all vnderstanding, the ioyes wherof doe surmount the conceipt & thought, not onely of man, but also angels and Archangels.

But miserable are you, which doe yet carrye about you this earthie Tabernacle: yea even in this one thing you are miserable vnlesse you repent, that you mourne for the deathe of your friends or children. For in that you denie the will of God to be iuste, for that hee hath made man of earth, earthy and mortal.

Mourne for this your vnbeleefe, mourne for this your sin, weepe for the sinnes of your

yourth, for your secret finnes:
and desire God to wipe and to
wash your soule from all infe-
ction of sinne, that being pre-
pared by death to follow your
friends and children, you may
with willing hearts in a liuelie
faith, giue a farewell vnto this
worlde, and be readie to mar-
rie Christ Iesus in glorie:

to whome bee all
glorie, A-
men.



**A battel betwene the
Diuel and the Con-
science:**

*Wherein all true Christians are
taught how to oppose and set them
selues against the assaults of their
Archaduersary Satan, made in
forme of a dialog, by
the sayde
E. H.*

Satan.



*T*hou arte a Sinner,
and therefore the
child of wrath.

Conscience. I am
a sinner Satan: I confesse it, that
in mee, that is in my fleshe,
k. 5. dwe!

dwellleth no good thing, which may moue my Lorde to take pitie vpon me: but yet I denie thy consequent. For though I bee a sinner, yet shall not my finnes preuaile against me. For behold, saith Iohn, The lambe of God hath taken awaye the sinnes of the worlde, hee hath condemned sinne in the flesh, so that now there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Iesus.

Satan. I grant that there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ, but suche are in Christ, which walke not after the flesh as thou dooest, continuallic hoording vp trespassse vpon trespassse against the daie of iudgement.

Con.

Conscience. Thou liest Satan. I walke not after the fleshe, but with Paule I wil the thing that is good, though I bee not able to perfourme it, by reason of that combat which is between the flesh and the spirit. Indeed at the least I sinne seuen times a daie : but notwithstanding, auoid Satan : for Iohn telleth mee, that if anie manne sinne, wee haue an aduocate, with the Father, Iesus Christe the righteous, and he is the propitiation for the sinnes of the world.

Sat. But how knowest thou that he wil be thine aduocate? For hee is a righteous mediator, and therefore he will not deal for thee a most miserable sinner.

sinner.

Con. I knowe it Satan, that hee wil be mine aduocate. For so his holie worde preacheth vnto me, which is the word of Christe the euerlasting truth, which I by his grace wil neuer misdoubt. And heerein thou shewest what thou hast beene, euen from the beginning a lier. For Iohn telleth mee, that If anie man sinne, yet there is an aduocate, and a righteous aduocate, euen Iesus Christe the righteous.

Sat. Yea, but how darest thou looke vp to heauen, and fly to this aduocate, thou beeing a vile sinner, and hee a righteous God?

Con. In a ful faith of his mercie,

cie, Satan, I dare goe to him,
For hee crieth to all laden and
labouring Christians : Come
vnto me. And why then shuld
I feare to goe vnto him? espe-
ciallie, since he hath promised
to refresh mee, If I come vnto
him.

Sat. Thou maigest goe vnto
him, but thou shalt find him a
iudge. For he wil neuer refresh
thee with mercie, but punish
thee with deserued iudgement
and reward thee according to
thy deserts.

Con. Auoid Satan: for thou
liest. I will go to him in assu-
rance of his mercie : for hee is
truth, and cannot faile in his
promise. Hee will indeede re-
ward me according to my de-
ferts:

serts: but what deserts? Christ
his deserts are my deserts: hee
by his deathe deserued life for
mee and al the world, not for
himselfe, but for vs, according
to the saying of Peter. He bare
our sinnes in his bodie. And
therefore, sith Christ by his full
obedience hath deserued lyfe,
my desert in him is life. And
therefore will I dare to go vn-
to my Lord and my God, for I
am sure of mercie.

Sat. I am the prince of dark-
nesse, and al sinners belong to
my kingdome. For the reward
of sinne is death, and therefore
assure not thy selfe of merceye,
for that is in vaine.

Con. Auoid Satan: For what
though thou bee the prince of
dark-

darkenesse, yet doo I set thee at naught. I am a sinner, but what of that Satan? my finnes haue lost their sting, and so mayest thou gape for a prey, and goe without a reward. For in the blood of Iesus Christ am I purged from my finnes, yea from all my finnes, the finnes of my childhood, my youth, my olde age, commytted in thought, worde, or deede: whatsoeuer they haue bene, are, or shal be, they are drowned in the bottom of the sea, and so couered in mercie, that the Lorde will neuer remember them.

Sat. Thou liest conscience. For the Lord is iust, and therefore hee will remember them, that he may punish them.

Con.

Con. The Lord is righteous, thou fowle diuel: iust, and true are all his waies, but yet thou lyest in thy consequent, for it standeth not with his iustice, to remember our sinnes, that hee may punish vs, whole sins he hath punished in his sonne Christ. Christe Iesus, by his death hath deliuered vs out of debt to the wrath of his heauenlic Father, and purchased vs remission of sins. And therefore I am sure that as God is iust: so he will not remember my sinnes to punish them in me againe, sith his sonne hath paid his debt for mee. For it is against iustice, that any debt should be twise paid, or twise required.

Sat.

Sat. Though Christ once died, to saue thee from sinne: yet haue I thine euill life to laie against thee, for the which thou art and shalt be mine.

Con. Christ indeede died to saue me, and by his own death hath he fully bought mee from the wrath of his Father. And I confes Satan, to my Lord, that I haue not liued after his lawe, but manie waies transgressed his holye will: but what then thou foule spirit, am I thine? no Satan no. For the Lorde hath mercy in store for euery Publican when he craueth it, be he neuer so ill a liuer. He is at this point with vs, Aske and haue. I will therefore aske mercie of God, who gaue his owne son,
by

by his bloudie Death to saue mee: and I am sure that I shall haue my sute, For he hath spoken it, and can not lie. Thou liest therefore for I am not thine. But thou sayest that I am, and shal be thine. Auoyd Satan, auoid like a coward, For he that is with mee hath broozed thy head, euen the mightie Lion of the tribe of Iudah, that hath promised to be with his church euen til the end of the worlde: he is with me, and if he be with mee whoe can be against me? doo not therefore crake of this Satan, that I am an euill liuer, and therefore thine. Giue ouer thy combat, for if thou doo not I will call vppon my Capteine Michael, by the power of his

An-

Angelike bande to dashe thee
out of countenance, whoe did
beate thee in Heauen, and all
thy hellish armie.

*The cal of Conscience in conflict
for succour against pre-
sent danger.*

THe diuel, O Lorde, like a
rauenous lion dooth seeke
to teare the lambe of thy Pa-
sture; and vnlesse thou helpest
there is none other waie, but
to the slaughterhouse, It hath
beene a continuall practyse of
his, euen from the beginning,
to rob thy childre of the riches
of their redemption, wrought
& accomplished by the bloud
shed of thy beloued sonne.

He someth like a bore of the
desert,

desert, and seeketh by violence
to breake into the vineyard of
my soule, which thy handes O
thou heauenlie husbandman,
haue planted. Vp therefore and
arise O gracious god and good
shepheard of my soule. And as
thou hast promised, so be thou
with mee in time of this my
skirmishe, that I may giue Sa-
tan the foile, and sleepe safelie
vnder the wings of thy mercy,
with whom is store of mer-
cie, To thee be al glo-
rie both now and
euer, A-
men.






The dead mans

Schoole:

Wherein Death teacheth
all *Estates and degrees, from*
the Prince to the begger, many no-
table lessons, most necessarie
to be learned: made
by the sayd

E.H.

 **P**roche ye sonnes
of Adam, you that
are as I was, and
shall bee as I am.

Drawe nere and learne those
thinges diligentlie, wherein I
shal instruct you.

First I would haue you to
learne

learne this lesson, that as sinne came in by Adam, so by sinne death as a due reward followed. And therefore, when you looke vpon mee, remember whence you are salne in adam from grace into sinne, from sin into death: and therevpon sorrowe for your sinnes, and prepare your selues to death. For it is the waie of all flesh.

There is a time to bee borne in sinne, and a time to die for the same: al flesh is grasse, yee muste all wither and fade with the flower. This natural death which foloweth the combat of the Elementes and sinne, shal creep vpon your mortal limbe: for as the sunne hath an east to rise in, so he hath a West to fall in:

in: euen to you shall all dance
with me one day, and this day
is vncertaine, noe man know-
eth when it shall come. For it
shall come at vnawares vpon
you, and therefore doe good,
and eschew euil, sin nor, least a
woorse thing than this naturall
death doe happen vnto you.
For if you doe still wallowe in
sin, answer me, What if death
suddenlye strike you with his
dart as hee dooth manie men:
howe woulde you bee able to
stand in y^e iudgement of God?

Therefore leaue off in time,
and liue lyke Christyans, that
G O D yet at the least, seeing
your liues are so wicked, may
find a good will and purpose in
you towards a godlie conuer-
sation.

sation. Do we not stil hold the same pace like old carthorses, but repent and amend, for the kingdome of God is at hand.

Secondly, when you see mee remember the spirituall death of Adam, wherein you are all wrapped, by nature borne in sin & children of wrath. Dead you are in Adam, starke dead in your sinnes, vntill the Lord do regenerate you anew with his holie spirit, and water your barren nature with the drops of his grace.

And herein see that you doe acknowledge your weakenes, or rather your miserie: that by sinne you are dead, euen without life by nature, and without anye power to attayne vnto life,

life, as I am and shall be, vntill the Lorde doo knocke at my bed and raise mee from death to life, to liue with him for euer.

Auoyde sinne therefore, as your deadlie enimie, whiche would rob you of life, and fetter you in bandes of eternall death, and crie vnto the Lord for helpe. For withoute him, against this enimie, you can do nothing. Crie with the prophet David, Create, O Lord, a new heart, and renewe a right spirite within vs, that beeing quickened againe by the dew of his blessing, and strengthened with the armour of grace, you may be able to withstand the furie of Sathan, and con-

L. I

stantly

stantly to endure the battell of
a raging conscience.

Thirdlie, when you looke
vpon mee, remember whereof
you are, euen of earth: no bet-
ter than duste and ashes, to the
which I nowe returne. And
therefore to the lostie minded
manne I say; Dust and ashes,
why art thou proud? for earth
thou art, & to earth thou shalt,
and become a prey for know-
ing wormes.

Decke thy bodye neuer so
gloriously, tie lewels aboute
thy neck, lade thy fingers with
rings, sit at thine ouerrunning
tables and make merrie, des-
pise al men: yet I tell thee, thou
art dust, as I am, so shalt thou
be.

Thy

Thy bodie shal stinke, which
nowe thou embaulmest : thy
lofty looke shal bee humbled,
the wormes shall feede vpon
thee. Looke vpon me, & thinke
vpon thy selfe, be not as thou
art : but thinke vpon mee, and
what thou shalt be, and folow
him that is able of dust to raise
thee to life, & crieth vnto thee:
Be humble and meeke, as I am

If thou refuse this exhortati-
on, remember that pride shall
haue a fall : that earth is heauy
by nature, and falleth : that he
that exalteth himselfe shall be
humbled, and hee that hum-
bleth himselfe shal be exalted.

Acknowledge therefore that
earth is thy mother, which is
the basest of al other elements

and folowe Chrift thy maister,
and onlie guide to his father in
ioy: that out of earth hee may
raife thee to heauen: and after
thy refurrection, for thine ear-
thie and ftinking bodie, giue
thee a glorious and immortall
bodie that thou mayeft shine
with him like a ftarre in the
kingdome of glory.

Fourthly, let all couetous
perſons looke vpon mee, and
amend their euill liues. For as I
came naked into this world, ſo
did they: and as I carrie no-
thing with mee but my win-
ding ſheete, euen ſo ſhall they.
Their riches, the pelfe of this
world ſhall they leaue behind
them, which they haue gather-
ed in paine, and houred vp
with

with greedie minds.

Oh you hungrie lions! you are alwaies gaping for y^e prey, you are euer hungrie, and neuer satisfied: get you neuer so much by hooke or by crook, by violent iniurie, or biting vsurie. But looke you vpon me. For an cln of earth now shall serue mee, and so must it serue you, whom nothing may suffice in this world.

Sorrowe therefore, and amende in time. For you were not borne to gather worldelye substance: but to serue poore Iesus, who of God made himselfe poore to enrich you. You were not borne to continue in this world.

No, you haue no continuing

citie

citie heere, but you must looke for another, euen Heauen, whence you are now exiled: and therefore you must seeke the things that be aboue. Your conuersation must be in Heauen.

You must not tie your harts to the earth, and hound vp the pelfe of this world, lest the verie moths and rust of your treasure cry for a plague vpon and against you in the daie of vengeance. For die you muste one day, and be as I am, and so rest in the bellye of mother earth, vntil the day of accoûts, when God shal rewarde euerie man according to his deserts.

Fifthlie, let all enuious persons, and euil willers beholde
my

my hart : let all bloodshedders
looke vpon my feete, all back-
biters, slanderers and cursers,
marke my toong: all robbers
and Vsurers view my handes :
all couetous persons note my
winding sheete : all selfelouers
and proud men gaze vpon my
face and hollowe eies, let all
men looke vpon me & amende
their liues, for as I am, euen so
shall they be.

Sixtly, let al Christians look
vpon me, courtiers and coun-
trei men, highe and lowe, rich
and poore, yoong and old, no-
ble and vnnoble : all, let them
looke vpon mee, and remem-
ber their end Die they shal al :
this ~~deed~~ remember, that they
may neuer sinne.

Let all swearing belly gods,
al selfelouers, men or women,
that monstrouly disguise chaste
nature, and paint their bodies,
which are stinking toombes of
their seelie soules, with intolerable
vanities, let al that care
for beawties hewe looke vpon
mee, and iudge of theyr owne
vanitie, and condemne themselves,
least they be iudged of
the Lord.

For their broydered hayre,
their faced and defaced appa-
rell, theyr superfluous lasings,
their sumptuous Veluetes and
silks, their golden caules, their
wrought clothes, their ringed
fingers, and their costlie fare
in this worlde, which Lazarus
wanteth, they are all vanitie,
neither

neither shal they redeem them
but to earth they shall, and va-
nish with the vapour.

They shal al sleepe with me,
and they shall be one daye no
better than I am: worms meat,
stinking carcases, duste and a-
shes they shall be, whatsoeuer
they doo appeare to the foolish
world.

Kinges and princes, magi-
strates and subiects, schollers
and maisters, rich and poore, al
may looke vpon me. For I am
able to teache them a lesson,
which they forget dailie: That
earth they are, and vnto earth
they must with mee one daie,
and noe man knoweth howe
soone. Disdaine not to learne
this at me: for I teach you the
l. 5. truth

truth, which one day you your
selues shal approue to be very
true.

Scuently, let all mourning
mothers & sorrowing friends,
lette them giue ouer weeping
and vnchrystian wailing. For
that cannot helpe them, be-
cause it grudgeth and complaineth
againste the will of God:
but rather let them bee merrie
and reioise.

For behold, this life is a war-
fare, euen a continual warfare,
as Iob calleth it, and death is a
sleepe, a sweete sleepe, so that
by it I rest from my labours, I
am deliuered from daunger to
safetie, from labour to ioye,
from trauel to rest, from paine
to pleasure, and lie in the earth

as it were in a bed, till I must
rise to iudgement.

This is the lucky estate of
them that are dead in the lord.
And therfore did father Sime-
on desire to departe in peace:
and Paule counted hymselfe
a wretch because hee was not
deliuered from this bodye of
sinne.

So that you haue no cause to
mourne for your friends, whoe
by deathe are passed beyonde
death: euen to life, to liue with
GOD, and to see him face to
face, euen as hee is. But rather
you haue cause to reioyse, be-
cause by death they are taken
into ioye, to be where Christe
Iesus is.

The dead man is but asleepe,
he

hee is not dead but for a time,
and at length he shall awake,
euen by the sounde of a trum-
pet and crie of an Archangell,
to see his redeemer in heauen,
where he with thee and thou
with him, and the Heauenlye
armie of Angels & saints mai-
liue for euer.

Looke vpon me, and remem-
ber this, al you that mourne for
the death of your friendes. For
blessed am I, and thise blessed.
This worlde is an exile, Hea-
uen my naturall countrey: and
so by death I am deliuered frō
exile, and heerein I am verie
happie.

This present worlde is euill,
in heauen are ioyes that passe
sense and conceit. And so by
death

death in the Lorde I am freed
from euil, and placed in ioye:
and heerin I am happie.

This world is no continuing
citie, but another, that is hea-
uen, which when I liued, in faith
I looked for: so that by death I
am set in a permanent place,
and heerein am I happy.

This life is a pilgrimage, hea-
uen my home: and so by death
of a pilgrim, I am made a citi-
zen, and heerein I am happy.

To conclude, by death, from
earth to heauen, from men to
Angels, from warre to peace,
from paine to pleasure, from
griefe to euerlasting gladnes,
from vanitie & miserie to per-
petuall felicitie I haue passed
in peace: & herin I am happie.

So

So that death is not to bee feared, nor yet to bee lamented: but rather welcome in ioye of spirit whensoever it commeth.

And for this are al Christians bound to render hartie thanks vnto the Lorde, that hath turned the curse into a blessinge, and by his pretious death vpon the crosse made death no death but an entrie to life, a passage to ioy, a deliuey from miserie. For this blessing, blessed be the name of the Lorde, and let al people say, Amen.

Imprint these few lessons in your memoryes, and engraue them in the tables of your harts. And thus farwel.



A Lodge for La- zarus.

Wherein the poore and
friendlesse are exceedingly
comforted in spirit against all kinde
of calamities incident to this
temporall and miserable
life: made by the
sayd E.H.



Here are two sorts
of pilgrimes in the
worlde, some are
rich, and some are
pore. Though the earth be the
Lords, and the riches thereof
his owne possessions, though
al men be his subiects, & haue
de

deserued the like condition of life : yet to blase his mercy and to open his iudgementes and iustice vnto the world , it hath pleased him to blesse som with store of his goodnes, and to punish others with the wante of his temporall blessings.

Thus with pouertie he beareth the poore to declare his iudgement against sinne : and the rich man hee storeth with aboundance to the manifestation of his vnderferued mercie. By these his benefits vpon the ritche, and these his scourges laid vpon the poore, hee crieth out to them : Sinne no more, alluring the one partie by faire and gentle, the other by sharp and bitter meanes vnto safe
repen

repentance.

The rich man he maketh his deputies on earth, or rather the stewards of his familie, or rather the paterns of his mercie, to take pitie vpon the begger, when he craueth reliefe: euen as he hath taken cōpassion vpon them, who neuer deserued it. And that they may vse themselves as shewers of his mercy hee hath promised that they shal alwaies haue y^e poore with them: this we see at this daye.

What a band of beggers be in euery place? the poore doo swarme in euerye corner, the fatherles and widowes, yong and old, of all ages infinite doo grone and crie for very neede. Som want cloth to couer their
naked

naked bodies, some haue not meate to mittigate their hunger, some noe drinke to ease their thirst, some lie vnder hedges in steed of lodgings, some are lame and cannot go, some are blind and cannot see, some are deafe and cannot heare, some are dumbe and cannot speake, some are sicke, some are sore, of all people to the iudgement of the worlde most miserable: and therefore doo they seeme to make this complaint to God our Heauenlye father.

O Lordethou hast created vs, thou hast framed vs: we are thy handiworke, and thou the potter, that madest our grandfather Adam of the moulde of the
the

the earth. Was thy goodnesse
such to make vs when we wer
not gentle Lord, and wilt thou
beate vs nowe thou hast made
vs? O Lord, where is thy mer-
cie? is the eie of thy pittie dim-
med? are the eares of thy woon-
ted goodnesse sealed? what
Lord? is the hand of thy fauor
shortened? is the riuer of thy
goodnesse dried vp?

Shal we hunger? nay, shall
wee hungerstarue for want of
thy blessings? what now, good
Lord? thy sonne taught vs to
praie, Our Father, Are we thy
children, and thou our Father?
Oh! where is thy fatherlie pro-
vidence? for beholde, O pite-
ous Lord, we are borne to no-
thing: besides, skin, flesh, and
bones,

bones, we haue nothing in this world,

We post from place to place,
& run from towne to towne,
wee goe from house to house,
we cry for releefe in thy name,
we aske it for thy sake: but alas
good Lorde, wee can get no-
thing. If we be strong though
wee haue charge of children,
we are whipped, we are stock-
ed, wee are imprisoned, and
howe not abused? if wee bee
lame, dum, deafe, sicke or sore,
we may cry: but alas, charity
is frozen, where one heareth
hundreds doo strip their eares,
and are deafe at our sutes.

O Lord, charitie is drowned,
the best friend which we shuld
haue: hard hearts doo reigne,
the

the stoutest enemy that we can haue: with this enimie we are assaulted almost in euery place alas for pittie ! pittie, sweet lord is our request, haue mercy vpon vs. Looke vppon Lazarus our king and capteine: behold Lord, he commeth to the rich mans gate, there he lieth, there he crieth; Crums, crummes he craueth to ease his hunger, but he cannot get them, dogs haue them, but Lazarus cannot haue them.

The dogs come to Lazarus and licke his sores; but Diues hath no feete to carrie him, no tongue to laie the playster of comfort to his earnest sure, no hand to helpe him, not a crum to feede him. Beholde Lorde,
dogs

doggs are better vnto vs than Diues: nay, they are in better case than we are; for they haue the crums that falles from their maisters table; but alas! Lazarus cannot come by them.

O Lorde, now where is thy wonted mercie? shall Lazarus want? shal he want the crums of breade to ease his hunger? what? shal he crie for them, & shal hee not haue them? shall he shout, but shall hee not bee heard? what good Lorde? shal hee die for hunger, and Diues walowe in pleasure?

What Lord? hast thou losse thy name god, which soundeth as much as good? thou art called *Dens*, *quasi Dans*, and yet shall Lazarus wante bread to
re-

refresh him ? This complaint
of the poore man dooth gnawe
him : nay, sometimes it quyte
deuoureth him.

But to lay a salue of comfort
to this sore of Lazarus : O La-
zarus, why doest thou weepe?
why doest thou crie out ? whie
doest thou seeme to blame the
Lorde, he hath appointed Di-
ues as a father to regard thee.

But what, doest thou come
to his gate, doest thou craue
charitie, art thou denied it? the
Lord commanded it, & there-
fore is the Lord iustified, when
he is iudged . But Diues hath
abused his benefits, and there-
fore shal he answer for it.

Let this be thy cōfort: let
this be thy lodge to reste in,
from

from all complaints, that one daie God, who is charitie, shal iudge the worlde, the greatest scourge that Diues shall haue. Then shall hee say, as accounting that not doone vnto him, which was not doon vnto you, when I was hungrye, thou gauest me no meate, noe not the crums that fell from thy table: when I was thirstie, thou gauest me no drink; when I was naked, thou didst not cloath me; when I was in prison thou didst not comfort me; when I was harbourles, thou didst not lodge mee; giue an accoumpt of thy stewardship. Then shal hee crie out, that hee neuer saw him hungrie or thirstie, or else he would haue refreshed him: not

not imprisoned; or else hee would haue visited him: not lodgles; or else he would haue harboured him.

But this is all lies, and therefore will he say vnto him: *Nescio*, I know thee not: Departe as cursed into euerlasting fire, where shall bee weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Come hither crieng Lazarus, thou that criest and showest out vppon the Lorde, and vpon the tyrannie of worldlings: art thou sicke? art thou sore? art thou deafe? art thou dumbe? art thou naked? what? hast thou no place to laie thy head in? come hither, for here are pallaces of pleasure to pasture in, excellent turrets of

M. r. ioy

ioy to banker in, and lodgelesse
of infinit comfort to harbor in.
For what? haue you not hadd
meate, when you haue craued
it? or drinke when you haue
asked it? haue you beene in
prison, and not visited? sicke &
not comforted? sore & not ea-
sed? naked and not cloathed?
wanderers and not succored?

Behold, in your behalfe Christ
will iudge the rich and merci-
lesse gluttons of this worlde:
and in the daye of reuelation,
you to your ioyous conquest,
and to their vtter shame shall
testifie & beare witnes against
them. This is the first lodge of
comfort.

But yet there is another be-
sides this: enter into that. Be-
hold

hold, when you asked reliefe, it was Christ that asked and was denied, so that in this worlde you beare an image of Christ, who came vnto his owne, and yet was not receiued, noe not knowne: who had not his nest, as the birdes of the aire haue: nor his den to flie vnto, as the foxes haue: no not so much as a place to lay his hed on,

Hee sought once to harbour in Peters ship vpon a pillowe: but marke, how the waues the winds disquieted the shippe, it frighteth Peter, poore Iesus is pinched at and awakened, so that hee could not haue a good nap to comfort his wearinesse in his harbouring place. Was this the estate of the mayster?

then rest in peace, and harbor
in ioye. For the scholler is not
about his maister.

Naie, dooth the tyrannie of
Diues pinch him, when it pin-
cheth you? dooth hee hunger,
when you hunger? dooth hee
thirst, when you thirst? is he na-
ked, when you are naked? is
he sicke when you are sicke? is
he sore when you are sore? is
he harbourlesse when you bee
lodgless? what? dooth he smart
when you smart, dooth he crie
for almes, when you craue: is
it he that made you, he that sa-
ued you, he that spent his life
and shedde his owne pretious
bloud to redeeme you from sa-
tan, & yet wil you complaine?
let it not be so, but in patience
leane

leane vnto the louing Lorde,
and let him be a pallace of ioy
to lodge and rest in.

There is a thirde lodge of
comfort for al Lazars. For the
vncharitable dealing of Diues
shal be his vtter ruine. If Diues
haue shut his eare against thy
cry, and denied to relieue thee
in time of needie extremitie:
if he haue not opened his hart
to pitie thee, nor stretched out
his arme to rayse thee, when
thou art falne into misery: then
woe, woe: a rod is at hande to
beate him: O foole, this night
the diuel shall fetch thy soule
from thee. Heere is a glorious
lodge of comfort for al Lazars

If Diues haue his barnes fil-
led with corne, his chests with

treasure, his table furnished with plenty of meat, if he haue al things at will: yet shall nothing redeeme him from miserie, if he will not attend the piteous crie of Lazarus in tyme of extreame necessitie. For hee that will not heare the poore when he dooth crie: when hee crieth himselfe, the Lorde will him denie.

Hath Diues now denied you almes? then wil the Lorde denie him mercie: wil the Lorde denie him mercie, because he hath not pitied your myserie? hath the Lorde such care ouer your estate, that hee will reuenge it sharpely if you be not cherished: and will you yet complaine? Fie, no, for shame, but

but let this be a lodge for you
to rest in.

God is your gard, howsoe-
uer it go with you : you are his
little ones, his dearlinges, and
deerely beloued. If Diues doo
abuse you, if he doo not cherish
you : beholde howe he loueth
you, for Diues for your sake
shall suffer paines for euer.

You want foode on earth :
but he shall want the bread of
life in hell. You want drinke,
but he shal want euen a drop
of water in hel to coole his fla-
ming toong . You wante in
this world cloth to couer your
nakednes : but hee shall want
the white raiment of innocen-
cie : and therefore wallowe in
myserie for euer : You wante

lodging here, but he shal want
the lodge of ioyes elle-where.
You cannot be his ghest, but a
worme for your sakes shal bee
his ghest euerlastingly.

Hee had store of all thinges:
what wanted hee? neyther sil-
uer nor golde to haue enriched
you, nor meate to haue fedde
you, nor drinke to haue eased
you: he had cloth to haue co-
uered you, crums of his table
that would haue releued you,
he hadde lodges wherein hee
might haue graunted you har-
bours.

But see the iudgementes of
God for your sakes. This Di-
ues is not worth a drop of wa-
ter in hel: for al his pleasure he
reapeth lasting paine, for his
me-

melodious harmonie, he heareth howling & weeping, and gnashing of teeth. This is the wo that they shal swim in, that with Diues neglect the crie of feely Lazarus.

But yet view a fourth lodge of comfort, a princelie lodge, you band of beggers: approach and looke vp, what? was Lazarus clothed in sores? did no man visit or comfort him? had he no physitian either by word or by worke to cure him? had he noe surgerie, but onelye by dogs?

Nay, what? was he not onely sore in bodie, but pinched in stomach? did he want food? naye, did he so hunger, that he desired crummies of breade to

ms. 5. please

please the crie of his greedye stomach, and yet could he not get it?

What? are any of you in the same case? beholde a lodge of comfort: looke vppe, and there you shal see Abrahams bosom and Lazarus therein lodged. See, he that wallowed in sores & might haue washed in tears such was his miserie to the eye of the world.

Beholde, hee that was not worth a crum of breade in this worlde, hee that had no lodge place to rest in, nowe lodgeth in Abrahams bosome, an harborough of rest.

What nowe you beggers, you that wander from place to place, and haue no resting place

place to ltaie in: nay, you that wander, and for want of charitie doo alwaies hunger: be patient, blesse God in your aduersitie, and reſte in the lodge of Lazarus.

Diues was aboue Lazarus in this world: Diues waded in plentie, but Lazarus in pouer- tie: Diues ſate at his table, La- zarus at the gates: Diues heal- thie Lazarus ſick; Diues with a fulbellye, but Lazarus lyued with an hungrie ſtomach: and yet looke vp, and now you ſhal ſee Diues below, and Lazarus aboue him.

Diues in this world had rich men for his comates, gentiles and potentates for his gheſtes: but now he kepeth companie with

with the diuell and his angels. Lazarus in this worlde had no companie to comfort him: nay, he had none that alwaies tarried with him, but sicknesse and pouertie: they were from time to time his two ghests, & at Diues his gates the dogs too did visit and licke him.

But now behold, Diues byteth the bread of misery in hel: but Lazarus lodgeth in Abrahams bosom, and now in heauen banketteth at the table of euerduring ioye, with the patriarches, Prophets, Apostles Martyres, and holie ones of God.

Oh! wylthe impatient Lazarus saie: this is a heauie case, to be alwaies beaten with pin-
ding

ding pouertie, alwaies to bite
of sorrowe, and neuer to liue
at ease.

Surelie if this be thy case, as
thou monest: yet I saie, looke
vpto the lodge of rest, euen
Abrahams bosom: for though
thou doo swim in seas of extre-
mitie, yet thou doest banquet
with Lazarus, who euen in this
worlde did suffer pinching ex-
tremite, and yet now he dooth
rest in peace.

But thou art beaten, thou sai-
est: thou art buffeted: so was
Lazarus. Oh! but thou art bea-
ten fore, so was he. But yet thou
singest on the same song: thou
art beaten.

Art thou beaten? then lodge
in comfort. For better it is to
be

be beaten with Lazarus, than damned with Diues: it is better to be crossed, than not crowned: it is better to bee beaten, than neuer to be chastised. For God receiueth no childe, but whom he scourgeth.

But yet thou criest: Oh my life is miserable! is it miserable: then lodge in comforte. For miserie is the high waie to felicity.

Thou muste bee buffeted, if thou wilt be saued: for he that will liue godlie in Christ Iesus must suffer persecutions. I am the waie sayth hee. But what was his waie to Heauen? A crosse was his waie ynto the crowne, and thus woulde hee lead thee to immortal glorie.
What

What laielt thou nowe, Lazarus? hast thou anie thing to complaine of? I hope these lodges of comforte doo please thee. But if they doo not, yet harken a little.

Is thy life a castle of misery, because thou art wrapt in po-
uertiē? art thou a wretch of this world, because thou art cloathed in sores? dooest thou sing of nothing but calamitye, because healch faileth thee, or store of temporall blessings? why then reason with me.

What if thou hadst the riches of Diues, his health, his wealth his garners, his treasure, his lands, his cattell? yet vanitie of vanities, crieth the Preacher, and al is vanitie.

Vanitie?

Vanitie ? whar, Vanitie of vanities ? nay, what ? is all vanitie ? ritches, health, treasure, pleasure, wealth : is all woe ? nay, is al vanitie ? vanitie, what ? worth a nit ? naye, worth nothing : and yet art thou troubled ?

The rich men of this world doe fall into manie temptations, in so much that wher they shoulde bee gods on earth, to helpe and to aide the needye, when neede requireth : they proue themselues cages of vn cleane diuels.

Some lords of landes do begger their poore tenants, they racke and impouerish them to better their owne estate : some hurde vppe corne for deere times,

times, to the vtter beggering
of the poor, some haue catching
hands, who though they haue
enough, yet are alwaies cat-
ching and snatching at the wi-
dowes mite.

Vsurers or rather robbers,
who haue inough but the rich?
who want it but the poor? whie
want they it, but because cha-
ritie is deade, and the rich are
snared in deadly temptations?
But yet they will be riche, they
scrape and trauel for goods.

But what crie the proud and
the rich men in the fist of wise-
dome? Oh say they, what hath
pride profited vs? or what hath
the pompe of riches broughte
vs?

Come hither Lazarus, art
thou

thou poore? desire not to bee rich: for this is the vsuall song of such as are rich in this world. Oh! what hadt the pompe of riches brought vs? doo not riches better a man? nay, dooth not the pompe of riches bring any commodity with it.

What? can it not deliuer vs from danſing with death, from the gnawing worme, from the bed of earth? no though wee were as beautifull as Absolon, as long liued as Methuselah, as eloquent as Cicero, as subtile as Aristotle: to end, as riche as Cresus, yet we must needs become wormes meate, & turne to dust and ashes.

How now Lazarus? what if thou hadst courtlye palaces to lodge

lodge in? excessiue plentie of
al thinges? enen the pompe of
riches? what should they auail
thee? nothing: yea nothing,
and yet is pouertie a burthen
vnto thee?

It is the will of God Lazar
that thou shouldest be a Laza-
rus: and it is thy dailie praier,
that his wil be doone: and it is
his will to saue all men. But
what? is it his will, that thou
shouldest bee poore? and art
thou not merrie?

It is his wil to saue thee?
nay, is it he that can only saue
thee? nay, is he wont to saue
vs by crossinge vs, that wee
shoulde enter into heauen by
manie tribulations: and wilt
thou not yet lodge in comfort?

Nay

Nay what? dost thou praie
that the wil of God be doone?
if thou praie for it, as it standeth
thee vpon, so thou doest
wish it. Now his will is to beat
thee with pouertie: thou prai-
est for it, thou wishest it. What
now? dost thou wish it? and
yet art thou sad and pensue?

Men are woont to ioye, yea
and to reioyse when they haue
their wishe? but thou hast it:
and wilt thou bee sorie? The
Lord saith, nay the Lord swea-
reth it, that He wil not the deeth
of a sinner: and death is the
due wages of thy finnes, the
which of iustice he might paie
vnto thee, but hee will not of
mercie.

Wil he not thy death, which
is

is due vnto thee? and yet doost thou complaine of pouertye, which is his will to laie vppon thee? let this bee thy lodge of comfort, that his mercie is our safetie: and that his will is nothinge else but his mercie: yea, though hee doo beat and buffet vs neuer so much.

And to perswade vs in this point, who are so incredulous of nature from time to time, it hath pleased him to scourge his children, or rather to scour the vessels of their heartes, the lodge place of his holy spirite, from the dregs of iniquity.

Caine was an heire, he possessed al, hee was the childe of this world: but Abel the child of God, hee had his name of vanity,

vanitie, his end was to be murdered, he receined his deaths wound, euen by his owne brother.

Looke vpon the whole colledge of Saints, and wee shall see some imprisoned with Ieremie, some beheaded with Baptist, some stoned with Steuen, som crucified with Christ Iesus, lapped in lothsome sores, wrapt in bands of vtter extremitie with poore Lazarus: notwithstanding Diues the worldling wallowe in all health and wealth.

How nowe Lazarus? looke vpon thy brethren, & be thou comforted: yea if thou hast been rich, euen as riche as Iob, if thou hast sat on the pinnacle
of

of pleasure, and mounted vpp
with the highest trees: if thou
haste flourished like the glori-
ous lillie, and yet vppon a sud-
den wither awaie: if thou hast
fallen from the top to the foote
of a hil, that is, from prosperitie
to aduersitie, and become a
bare Iob, yet beholde the pal-
lace of comfort: I am sure, that
my redeemer liueth, and that
with these eies I shall see him,
saith Iob.

Whoe was this Iob? a riche
man he was, he had plentie of
al thinges. GOD had blessed
him with children, and vpon a
sudden all is gone, Oxen, Ca-
mels, children and al. His own
friendes doo forsake him, hee
wadeth in wo and sicknes: and
yet

yet theſe clubs can not batter him downe, but ſtil he climeth to the lodge of comforte, ſaying: I am ſure that my redeemer liueth, and that with theſe eies I ſhall ſee him.

What though this earthye maſſe our body, this duſtie tabernacle beſtormed and toſſed with the winter blaſtes of this world: what though our bellies feel the gnawing worm of a plaining ſtomach, & our backes want cloth to couer it: yet is heere a lodge of comfort, which by faith wee muſt take poſſeſſion of, euerye one ſaying with father Iob: I am ſure that my redeemer liueth: and that with theſe eies I ſhall ſee him,

Though

Though God scourge mee,
yet as a father to correct mee,
& not as a iudge to condemne
me: for I am sure that my re-
deemer liueth, & that with these
eies I shall see him. Though I
do heer want bread to quench
the erie of hunger, and drinke
to coole the heate of my bur-
ning stomach: though I haue
neither cloth to apparell mee:
nor friend to comfort me, nor
place to lodge in, yet beholde,
I am sure that my redeemer li-
ueth, and that with these eies I
shall see him.

If thou be a spirituall Lazar,
and wantest the crums of com-
fort, if the diuell lay thine own
sinnes before thee, to the ende
thou mayest eat with him, the

N. r.

bread

bread of desperation: yet run to the lodge of comforte, and there sing thou in spight of thy sinnes, of Satan and al his hellish hounds: I am sure that my redeemer liueth, and that with these eies I shall see him.

In this lodge of comfort S. Iohn dooth finger out to thy hungrie soule the food of life, saiong, beholde the lambe of God that hath taken awaie the sinnes of the world. But what? was this lambe crucified? dyd he not die? yes, and rose the thirde day a conquerour ouer sinne, death, hel, the diuel and al his angels.

But yet perchanse thou wilt not beleue it: if thou doe not, come hyther Thomas, sayeth Christ

Christ, and thrust in thy finger
Dooest thou not beleue it?
then come hither and trie, trie
and then truste. This side of
Christ is the sole lodge of rest
for all spirituall Lazars, that
hunger and thirst after theyr
saluation.

Marie Magdalen, that was
possessed with so many diuels:
Peter that had once, twise, yea
the third time denied his mai-
ster Christ: yea the theefe on
the crosse by faith leapte into
this side of safetie, and lodge of
Christ Iesus.

This lodge is his wounds,
which hee had on the crosse to
heale vs: which woundes al-
waies are open, for al straying
Thomasses to harbour and to

lodge in. For at what time soeuer a sinner wil repent him of his sinnes, I will blot al his sins out of my remembrance, saith the Lord.

Here is a lodge for al Lazars, that grone in spirit. All such as are heauie and laden, & heare and follow that proclamation of Baptist, Repent: al that with father Dauid weepe, & learne to wet the couch of their harts with the tears of their groning soules.

This lodge of comfort is open to all, it is denied to none that repent, haue they beene neuer so greuous sinners.

Besides these two sortes of Lazars, there are some that are rich in temporal blessings, and yet

yet very Lazars in grace : co-
uetous men and viurets, they
doo not onelie want that they
haue, but by euer seeking more
and more, they drowne theyr
feelie soules in sinne, and for
a lodge of comfort, they har-
bour in hellish Aegypt.

Thus was Diues the glutton
a Lazar: hee had plentie of all
things, and yet hee was not so
riche in grace as to bestowe a
crum of bread vpon Lazarus:
and therefore dooth hee nowe
thirst for a drop of water, and
cannot get it, to ease the furye
of his tormenting toong.

Diues is the ringleader of the
dance to al carelesse rich men
that haue departed this life, as
couetous wretches. But vnto

them that are yet aliue, although they haue been a long time disciples of Diues, yet are the woundes of Iesus Christ open to lodge them, against the stormes of a frowning conscience.

Yea, it is open for al sinners, who are Lazars by nature, and want the verie crums of goodnes: they gape to receiue vs, and they are alwaies fresh and Greene. Loe a fountaine of Christs pretious and outstreaming blood, wherein al that repent are washed from their leprosie, and deliuered from the sting of iniquitie for euer.

In the worlde there is nothing but miserie, it is nothing but a kingdome of calamitie:
and

and the wounds of Christ are
a lodge of al rest, where ther is
no paine, no sorrow, no vexa-
tion, no trouble, but all ioye,
euen such ioy as passeth al con-
ceit, to the which the Lord
of his mercy bring
vs al, Amen.



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A retrait from sinne :

Wherein is sounded, as with a
shrill trumpet in the eares of all
 men, what damnable daungers de-
 pend vpon continuance in sin, neg-
 lect of repentance, abuse of the ac-
 ceptable time of grace : and other
 excellent meanes daily moving
 men to the amendment of
 their sinneful life :
 made by the
 sayd E. H.



Onsidering with
 my seife the fraile-
 tie of man, and the
 dangerous trappes
 of Satan, which he hath laid in
 euerie corner of this wicked
 n. 5 world,

worlde, to catch vs : his crattie deuises which he worketh continuallye to snare vs, and the drowfines of man, as carelesse to auoid them, I thought good to make this base retrait from sinne, that beeing called from straieng, we might come vnto the true sheeppetold, and so bee saued.

And here I might begin with wondering at the churlish nature of man, who being so often called by the voice of God and his deputies, from sinne : doth yet notwithstanding wallow therein, like swine in filth and mire.

Duste and ashes ! shall the Lord himselfe crie vpon thee ? Sinne not : and wilte thou not heare

heare him? it not sinning bee
thy soules safetie: wilt thou be
so vnmindfull of thy selfe, as to
suffer thy gracious lord to haue
the repulse?

Shal the king command his
subiect, and bee obeyed: and
the king of glorie commaund
thee not to sinne, and not bee
obeied? shal the good and tru-
stie subiect be so dutiful to the
king, who is yet but duste and
ashes: and wilt thou shew thy
self so rebellious against God,
who is the God of comfort, &
father of mercie?

O thou drowsie creature! a-
wake, bee wise. Consider if
God being wisdom, doo cal
thee from sinne, then is it fol-
lie to follow sinne. If God be-
ing

ing the father of mercie, doo
cal thee from sinne the mother
of endles misery, then o wret-
ched creature returne, repent,
least for mercie thou doo reap
the rewarde of sinne, which is
death eternal.

But why should wee by sin-
ning make our selues thrall to
so tyrannous a maister as Sa-
tan? and despise the cal of so lo-
uing a Sauour as Iesus Christ,
crieng vnto vs, Sinne not.

The seruice of Satan is mise-
rable bondage: the seruice of
Iesus Christe is a blessed liber-
tie, it is a freedome, that pas-
seth al freedoms: and so much
the rather to be embraced, as
the other is myserable and to
be detested: yea, it is with both
hands

hands to bee receiued, forso-
much as our Lord Iesus Christ
in commanding requireth it.

For being bondslaues of Sa-
tan, so vile a varlot, shall the
Lord offer vs his seruice, which
is perfect libertie, and shall we
refuse it, and not rather receue
it? Eue did so muche as obeie
the lieng serpent in paradise,
& shal we denie obedience to
Iesus Christ? she obeied to sin,
but her obedience wrought hir
miserie? and shal not we obey
the Lord, that our ende maye
be felicitie?

For how can wee, deseruing
eternall miserie, bee accepted
to blisse, if that by disobedi-
ence we prouoke to wrath the
onelic purchaser of mercie? I
saie

saie therefore, where Christ crieth, Sinne not, obeie him, and kisse the sonne least hee be angrie: kisse him, and obey him; for if he be but a little angrie, blest are all they that put their trust in him.

But to make this retraite to sounde more shrill in the eares of slumbring Adam: looke vpon the damned spirit of Diues, he burneth in hel: but whye if not for sinne? His toong flameth, neyther can hee get a droppe of water to quench it: and why but for sin? The fire that hee burneth in is vnquenchable: his dolefull musicke is gnashing of teethe, howlinge, weeping, and great lamentation: his case is curst for euer, and

and why but for sinne?

If Diues had knowne, that the seruice of the Lorde hadde beene perfect libertie, and that obedience to his commandments had beene the pathway to heauen, or that his sinful life would haue wrought him such a web of wo, or rewarded him with death for his wages in seruing Satan: no doubt hee would haue followed as good counsell, as hee wished by the dead to be reuealed to his brethren: that is, he would haue sought grace of the Lord, that hee might haue obeyed him in holines, and so be saued.

But marke o yee living, and learne of the dead. Diues was a sinner, he serued sinne, and
the

the old serpent, but his seruice wrought his wo, euen a wo eternal. Now what a tirannous maister is that, that so rewardeth his seruant? or what a miserable seruaunt is that, which reapeth nothing by his seruice but wo?

But O thrise miserable are we! if we will serue the same maister, whose seruice in Diues wee see to bee a flauishe thraldome, and our wages nothing else but biting myserie. So that, if the Lorde our Saviour Iesus Christ, by his louing cal be not able to recal vs from sinne: yet let the bitter end of Diues, and the flaminge torments of his soule damned for sinne, bee a sufficient retrait vnto

vnto vs. Woe, wo, was due to him for sin, and therfore sinne not.

This Diues was a rich man, God had blessed him with his creatures, and these arguments of his loue cryed vppon him, Come home by repentance, & to holines in conuersation: he notwithstanding neglected, and stil continued a seruant of sinne, for the which his seruice, he doth now lament in hellish torments, and so shall doo for euer. Hee shall alwaies howle weep and waile, in paine without ease, in sorrowe without comfort, in grieve without reliefe, and that for euer.

But, O miserable Diues! whie didst thou not repente and re-
turne

turne from sinne, at the retrait
of so manie and so great bene-
fits of the Lord? why didst thou
not plaie the good steward of
thy riches, in bestowing some-
thing vpon needie Lazarus?
why wast thou more vngentle
and vnnaturall than the verie
dogges, that licked his sores?
where was charitye? surelye it
was frozen, it was dead: noe
better euidence than thyn
owne confession, which thou
makest amidst thine endlesse
torments, crieng out and say-
eng:

My life was sinful, mine obe-
dience was to Satan, my para-
dise was the wicked worlde, I
neglected the retrait of so ma-
nie benefits from sin, & there-
fore

fore I lie in paine, and so shall
doo, til I haue paide the vtmost
farthing, and that is euer.

Come hither now ye liuing,
consider in time and bee wise.
Diues was a sinner, and so are
you: Diues neglecting the re-
trait from sinne, and puttinge
off from daie to daie, was at
lengthe vpon a sudden thruste
downe into hell: and surely, if
you do not in time repent, but
followe his pathes, then as his
ende was tormentes, so shall
yours bee. For God is no ac-
ceptor of persons.

Therefore, o ye liuing, consi-
der & be wise: and if you haue
begun the race of Diues, re-
pent, returne, awake, least Sa-
tan take you napping, and the
Lord

Lord in his iust iudgement suffer him to take your soules frō you, and so rob you of all ioye for euer.

If Diues had known the tyrannie of Satan, or the wages of his seruice, or the dangerous extremities of carnal securitie: no doubt he would haue awaked from sinne, and bin as wise before hand to haue provided for himselfe, as hee was to late for his brethren.

And shall wee, knowing the danger of deferring to repent, & the vilanie of sinne, not provide before hand against such a dangerous tempest, as Diues abode, and walke wisely: but incur the danger of extremitie by sleeping in carnal securitie,
and

and perilous seruice of sinne?

O ye sonnes of men, be wise and repent, returne from your wicked waies, giue the old serpent the slip, forsake your old maister sinne, bid adieu to all iniquitie, if you will not swim in the tormentoric seas of hell with Diues.

Besides this bitter retrayte from sin, there bee other trumpeters of Gods iust judgments whiche ought continuallie to moue, and effectuallie to perswade vs to forsake the seruice of sinne and Satan. The whole world did serue Satan, bicause it overflowed with sinne, therefore beholde, it ouerstreamed with water, and al the worlde was drowned.

Here,

Here, if it please al sinners to put on the spectacles of discretion, they may see what it is to serue sinne, and what to neglecte the Lordes retraite from iniquitie. The whole worlde hauing forsaken the lord God, wente a whooring after Satan, and marryed it selfe to sinne, renouncing innocency of life, to folow vice; but lo the ende: when Satan by sinne had gotten suche a maysterie, and by reason of iniquitie was becom a prince of this world, beholde the end of all his practises: the ruine and destruction of the world.

And surelie this was the iudgment of the Lorde, to destroy them wholie, that had neglected

ted to hear his voice in the day of visitation:& this iudgement is bent against al those that continue in sinne and will not repent.

Indeed the Lord hath made a couenant, and therof he hath giuen vs a certaine sacrament and earnest penie, that he for sinne will neuer drowne the world againe : but yet the couenant may breed in vs no securitie, but rather it is a retrait from sinne, forsomuch as it is a couenant betweene the Lord and vs, betweene whome no couenant can continue for euer, vnlesse wee returne from sinne.

For although hee hath promised not to destroy the world
again

again for sinne, and this promise shall be perfourmed, not because we deserue it, but because hee hath promised: yet vnles we repent, *Omnes similiter peribimus*. We shall al like-wile perish. He wil drowne vs in. wo for euer.

This flood of torments, and hellish lake, wherein the damned doo wallowe, and wade in vnspeakable paine: this floud doth passe the other, and vnles we repent, and by heartie repentance leape into Noahs arke, and so into the bosome of mother Sion, there is no saluation for vs.

Let vs therefore repent, and lament our sinnes, and close our selues in the readie arke of
Moses

Moles, least being at the brink
of death, the waters of holl o-
uers swallow vs.

But to come from the whole
world to the part: behold So-
dom and Gomorra, the twoe
stewes of Sathan, wherein hee
daily committed fornication
with the sonnes of men. Those
two, Sodom and Gomorra,
were as wanton Damosels of
this world, given to all lewd-
nes and lust, they thirsted after
sinne, how soeuer Satan piped.
They had renounced al god-
lie chastitie, and to marrie the
olde serpente they had broken
their obedience vnto the lord.
But behold, those two wild ci-
ties were tamed, destroyed:
yea burnt with fire and brim-

stone.

Now, O ye children of men,
come and see the terrible sight
of these two citties burning &
consuming with fire: repent
and lament your owne liues,
that you are not behinde So-
dom and Gomor in wicked-
nesse, but like miserable wret-
ches, haue pledged them in the
cuppe of spirituall fornication
with sinne and Satan.

Let this fire and brimstone,
like terrible Trumpetters of
Gods iust iudgementes, sound
so shrill in your eares, as to a-
wake you from sleeping anye
longer in sinne, least a worse
thing than this doe happen vn-
to you: yea whensoever you
see water, fire, and brimstone,
think

thinke vppon the iudgementes
of God against sin, and sinne
not.

Consider that Sodom and
Gomor were destroyed for sin,
and that God, when it pleaseth
him, maye execute his iudge-
ment vppon thee, whosoever
thou be vnlesse thou repent: &
therefore returne from sin, and
sinne not.

Consider, that where al crea-
tures were made for mans vse:
yet y Lord in his wrath against
sinne, doth vse them as swords
of vengeance, to cut him off.
And therefore, if wee will not
onclie haue the Lord, but also
his creatures to profite vs, so
that wee may vse them to the
ende they were created, then

where not onlie the Lord him selfe, but also all his creatures doo crie vpon vs, Repent and sinne not: it standeth vs vpon to amende our faultes, to reforme our liues, and to frame our selues to all good workes, which God hath prepared for vs, that we should walk therein.

But, ô the lamentable case of Iesus Christ! O the vnspeakable churlishnesse of man! for if the churlishnesse of one wicked citie Ierusalem, did wring teares out of the glorious eyes of our Sauior Iesus Christ, and made him to sigh and sob, because shee had dealt so vncourteouslie with him, so preposterouslie with hir self, as to stone

his

his prophets, to refuse his cloc-
king, and to serue satan, and
so to worke her owne destru-
ction: then what yeere, what
daie, what houre: naye, what
moment doe wee not all make
our Sauior Iesus Christ, behol-
ding our iniquities, to weepe
and to sob, sith that our sinnes
almost do passe in number the
sands of the sea, and hairens of
our heads?

Yea, O the churlishnes of
man! yet by sinne so to grieue
our Sauior Iesus Christ, from
the which to redeeme vs it cost
him bloudye reares, even the
effusion of his moste pretious
blood. But is it not a miserable
follie in man, by such churlish
dealing to offend our Lord Ie-

Iesus Christe, who shal come to iudge the quick and the dead.

Ye swearers, ye cursers, and railers, ye vsurers, theeues, and murtherers, yee epicures, Papists, and carnall Gospellers, al ye sinners that lie in sinne, that knowe sinne, and yet forsake it not, with what face will you present your selues before this heauenlie iudge, out of whom you haue wroonge so manye sobs, as you haue commytted sinnes in your life?

If you haue vsed him so vnthankfullie, and wrought him such greefe: how can you look but for greefe for your reward? But, O the mercie of the Lord! that yet crieth, Come vnto me al ye that labour, and are heauie

uie laden, and I will refreſhe
you. Behold, notwithstanding
your infinite offenses, notwith
standing your infinite finnes:
yet, if you will acknowledge
them, and bee hartilie ſorie for
them, that in cōmitting them,
you haue greeued the ſpirit of
Ieſus Chriſt, he is readie to re-
ceiue you: yea, and as one thir-
ſting to receiue you into fa-
uor again, he calleth vnto you
Come: promiſing, that not-
withstanding you bee laden
and clogged with ſinne, that
yet he wil eaſe you, if you will
come vnto him. This is a com-
fortable reſſait, grounded vp-
on the promiſe of Ieſu Chriſt,
that if we wil come vnto him,
he will reſreſh vs.

Now what is Iesus Christe?
and what are we? wee are sin-
ners, and therefore our due is
death: but Iesus Christ is a sa-
uour: yea, saluation and life it
selfe: and therefore to goe to
him, and to leaue sinne, is to
passe from death to life, from
sorrow of conscience to peace:
yea, such a peace as passeth all
vnderstanding.

Yea, Iesus Christ is true, and
therefore if wee will sinne no
more, but in a contrite spirite
repaire vnto him, then will he
receiue vs: hee will refresh vs
with the deintie comfort of his
holie spirite, and at length re-
ceiue vs into ioy, therein to liue
with him for euer.

Therefore, if wee haue stop-
ped

ped our eares at so manie re-
traits-sounded against sin: yet
let this one comfortable spech
vnttered by our Sauour Christ,
serue in stead of manie, Come:
but and if this retrait of Iesus
Christ be not able to call thee
effectually to repentance, then
turn thine eies vnto his crosse,
and beholdinge the villanie
of sinne thy maister, and Satan
the subtile serpent, repent and
amend.

Beholde the lambe of God,
he that came in the similitude
of sinfull flesh, to saue thee by
his death. Behold how the di-
uel hath handled him, behold
how his helhoundes haue in-
treated him, and all for sinne.
Behold his holy bodie racked,

behold his holie teet & handes
rent with nails, his head crow-
ned with thornes, his pretious
side launced with a speare. Be-
holde his pretious bloud drop-
ping, yea outstreaming : be-
hold howe the onelie beloued
sonne of God, our louing and
blessed Sauour, lo how tyran-
nouslie the ministers of Satan
haue vsed him.

But why are his holie armes
outstretched ? why dooth his
holie head bow it selfe down ?
why are his feete and hands so
torne with nailes ? why dooth
his pretious blood spinne out ?
why is this holie lamb of God
so piteouslie slaughtered vpon
the tree ?

Surely O man, thou thy selfe
hast

haste ministred the cause, and thy sinnes haue wrought this crueltie vppon this innocent Lambe Iesus Christe: so that if thou either loue Iesus Christ whome thy sinnes haue torne so cruelly, or tender thine own case, for whom he died so mercifullie, beyond thy merit: sin no more, but repent, repent, repent, and desie the diuel, and al his tyrannie.

Yea, and sith his head, his armes, his hands, his feete, his side, and pretious bloud doo so cleerelie shew the tyrannie of sinne: detest, abhor, and auoid it. And whereas his thornie crowne that tore his head: and the nailes that rent his handes and feete: and the speare, that pearfed

pearled his glorious side: doo
all crie out vppon vs, that wee
haue so rente and torne by our
sinnes Iesus Christ our blessed
Sauour, let vs for shame bee
ashamed of our villanie.

Let vs lament, and repente
our iniquities, least that the ve
rie thornie crowne of his head
the verie nailes that fastened
him to the tree, and the speare
that pearled his side, doo testi
fie a iust condemnatiō against
vs, that we did so vnthankfully
use them to destroy the sonne
of God, and yet doo commyt
sinne, to our power seeking to
slaie him againe.

O yee butchers! consider
this innocent Lambe, how he
bleedeth, and sheaddeth his
pre-

precious blood, to cleanse you from sinne, and so to saue you from Satan : drinke vp in faith the droppings of his blood, and moisten your soules therewith : eate him and chewe him : for hee is the bread of life, which whosoever eateth, he shall neuer hunger any more.

Bid war to old Adam proclaime battell against the subtile serpent, and fight like good souldiers of Christ crucified, against sinne: that death and hel beeing put to the foile, by the strength of your valiant captain, ye may at length be registered among the blessed saints of God for euer.

But if al this will not moue thee, O foolish creature, to repentance

penitance: neither the miserable seruice of Satan, nor the horrible end of sinne, nor the maiestie or mercie of Iesus Christ, nor the villanie that sin wrought vnto him, which all ought to be forcible motiues, and sufficient retentiues from sinne: yet consider a while the condition of sinners, which of al other is most miserable.

For first, they are Gods enemies, euen such rebellious enemies, as with open armes in Satans quarrel, vnder corrupt nature, as their souereigne, resist Gods gouernment: which thing, O sinfull man, is of all other most horrible, to be Gods enimie, to be at war with God to be hated of the most mightie,

tie, puissant and omnipotent
Lord of hosts,

Neither doo sinners, by war-
ring against the honor of God
vnder sinne and Satan, onelye
purchase the anger and hatred
of God vpon their heads : but
also they greeue the courtiers
of Ierusalem, which is aboue
and put the Angels and Saints
of God to great greefe and sor-
row.

For if that they reioise at the
conuerſion of a sinner, and bee
gladde when the losse : goat is
found, and the straleng sheepe
brought to the sheepsfold: then
what greefe, what sorow, what
heauinesse do sinners purchase
vnto them, when being losse,
they wil not be found : and be-
ing

ing straieng sheepe, they will not be brought to the sheepefold of grace againe.

And heere it may please all sinners to consider, that as repenting wee gladden the Angels and Saintes of God, and make the diuell to reþme and greeue: so, when wee commit sinne, and decline from the right line of righteousnes, then do we keepe wakes for the diuel, then dooth he hop for ioy, when we defraud the good angels of God of their ioy.

These irreuocable sinners, these the Lorde dooth hate, as vtter enemies: yea, rotten and stinking carion is more sweete before men, than is such a soule before God and his Aungels.

And

And therefore let all such repent, not onelie because they are iniurious to God, and offensive to the good: but also because they are stinking creatures and such as the Lord neither may nor will abide, vnles they returne vnto him in sackcloth and ashes: and therefore repent and amend.

Secondly, those sinners that stop their eares against the re-trait of these motives, let them consider their woonderous fol-lie. For sinne is the dung of the old serpent, and he that sinneth for the vilest thing that is, forsaketh the most pretious iewel in heauen and earth.

For what dooth mans soule lose by sinne? from whom de-parteth

parteth she ? from whom doth she separate hir selfe ? euen fro God her maker, her redeemer and Sauour : yea when shee sinneth she forsaketh saluation and her owne safetie, she runneth into the stinking lappe of the diuell her desperate aduersarie, and hasteneth hirselle vn to hell.

Yea, by sinne the kingdome of the diuell is enlarged : for he that committeth sinne is the seruant of sinne. And what if I saye that sinne maketh man like to Satan ? for whatsoever deformitie or filth is in the diuell, that is by sinne : of the which if the Deuill might be freed, he were a noble and excellent creature. Euen so the soule

soule of man, by sinne is made filthie and deformed like the Diuel. And what an iniurie is this to God, that by sinne, of his owne image, wee shoulde make the image of the diuell?

Repent therefore, and consider thirdlie, that it gladdeneth the diuell to see vs sin, because thereby we become his dwelling house. Now how cursed a thing is sinne, which maketh the temple of God the temple of Satan? what follie: nay, what madnes is it to lodge the diuel in our heartes, and to drive Christ and his holie spirit out of doores?

Why shoulde man deale so vnthankfullie with him, that being God, came from the top
of

of the heauens to this vallie of miserie, to take mans flesh vpon him, that hee might be his Iesus? or why should we sinne, and by continual sinning, bid adieu to the spirit of holines, & harbor satan in our harts? shall he, by whom al creatures were made glorious, by sinne bee banished far from vs? and he, by whome all creatures were deformed, bee wholie lodged within vs?

But tel me, O man, Christ is saluation, life, ioy, loue, and all in al; the diuell is the father of death, a murderer, a manslaier, a tyrant, a prince of darknesse, the worker of woe. Now answer, doe st thou like better of death, than of lyfe: of paine, than

than of ioye : of hatred, than loue : of damnation, than saluation : and of hel, than of heauen? if thou doo, then shalt thou depart curssed into the euerlasting fire. But if thou doo prefer Iesus Christ, with his inestimable blessings, before Satan: then why doost thou wallowe in sinne, which is the onely waie to preferre Satan in this world, & to establishe his kingdome of darknes?

Wherefore, O miserable man repent and amende : consider that Iesus Christ, like an euangelical henne, neuer ceaseth clocking to gather thee vnder his winges like a chicken : let him not clock & cal in vaine, neither be thou like vnto them
that

that stoppe their cares against
the charmer, charme he neuer
so wiselie.

Consider that God created
thee wholie to serue him, with
al thy hart, soule, strength, and
power: remember that thou
at baptisme diddest vowe and
swear obedience to his name:
remember that before **G O D**,
and al the bande of the holye
Aungels and Saints, thou didst
renounce satan, & al his works,
and repent, vnlesse thou wilt
hane God and all his heauen-
lie Citizens, at the great daie
of reuelation, to giue sentence
of condemnation against thy
periurie.

And why, O miserable man,
shouldest thou break thy faith
giuen

giuen to God in baptisme? it is not an oth to bee repented. For the seruice of the Lorde is onelie mans safetie, as the seruice of Satan is the only cause of mans miserie.

The gailor that helde vs in a slauiſhe and ſpirituall Aegypte, was not Pharao, but the diuel, and that for ſinne: and therefore, if we couet to inhabite the land of promiſe, and to liue in libertie, free from calamitie, it ſtandeth vs vppon to returne vnto the Lorde, who is onelie able, by his outſtretched arme to ſaue and defend vs, from the miſerable ſeruitude of ſo tyrannous a ruler.

Againe, al the ſpirits in hell may curſe the filthie bondage
of

of sinne, by seruice whereof they are in torment, and shall continue in paines vnspeakeable for euermore. The saintes and holie ones of God are in blisse, in ioy: yea in such ioye, as neyther eie hath seene, nor eare heard, nor hart euer conceiued. And whie? euen because they repented, forsooke sinne, and did the will of God in heauen. For they onlie haue entred, and shall enter into the kingdome of heauen, that doo the wil of our heauehly father.

Therefore, sith his wil is our sanctification, innocencie of life, puritie in conuersation, vprightnes of hart, abstinence from the lustes of the fleshe: if that wee hope to enioye the
ioies

giue eare vnto his voice, conforming of our selues vnto his steps, as neere as we could.

Let not the loue of riches, the desire of any worldly promotion, or anye thinge vnder the sunne, bee it neuer so glorious since the preacher cryeth out & saith that al is vanitie, blind the eies of your vnderstandings, withdraw your affections, or restraine and pul packe your harts from thinking vpon the torments in hell, or the triumphes in heauen: the one appointed as punishmente for wickednes and iniquitie, the other assigned as rewardes for righteousness and innocencie.

The Lord of his mercie so moisten our harts, that al hard-

nes beeing taken awaie, wee
may with moſte willinge con-
ſents ioyne handes with Ieſus
Chriſte our Capteine, againſt
Satan, ſinne, the fleſhe, and the
world: which enemies doo bit-
terlie, and alſo continuallye
war againſt vs, and far exceed
our ſtrength to reſiſt them, vn-
leſſe that we forſake them, and
ſhrowd our ſelues vnder Ieſus
Chriſt, to whom be al glo-
rie both now and
for euer, A-
men.





A praier vnto almighty
God, wherein we beseech
 his diuine maiestie, so to blesse vs
 with his grace, that the vse of the praiers
 contained in this booke, and the whole-
 some lessons comprited in the same
 may take Christian effect in
 vs, to our great comfort
 euen at all assaies,
 and especially
 in time of
 necessi-
 tie.

Made by A. F.



Father of endles
 mercy, the foun-
 tayne and wel-
 spring of all per-
 fect happines, the giuer of
 grace, the bestower of true
 3 bles-

A praier.

blesſednes, & felicity: heere
vs, o heare vs for thy bot-
tomleſſe compaſſion ſake,
and grant vnto vs, we hum-
bly beſeech thee, whatſoe-
uer wanteth in vs towards
the accompliſhment of our
calling and duty.

And becauſe thy holye
word the trumpet of truth,
& treaſure of great riches,
hathe in expreſſe ſpeeche
threatened manye ſtripes
to that negligent ſeruaunt
whiche knoweth thy will,
and yet doth it not: vouch-
ſafe vs, and as manye of vs
as are inſtructed & taught,
and thereby perceiue and
vnder-

A Praier.

vnderstand thy heauenlye
pleasure, endeoueringe to
walke thereafter, maye a-
uoid that penalty of negli-
gence, which is denounced
against the idle seruant: thy
grace preuenting vs in all
our actions and intents.

We can not denie, but
that the sayeng of thy wel-
beloued son, the substance
of truth, and liuelye image
of thine owne maiestie is
vndoubted, certaine, and
infallible: nameiy, that not
euerye one whyche crieth
Lord, Lord, shal enter into
the kingdome of heauen:
but he which fulfilleth thy

A praier.

wil:& forsaking the world,
and all worldly pompe, be-
taketh himselfe wholly vn-
to the seruice of thee, and
submitteth himself a schol-
ler in thy schoole; where
learning sounde & substan-
tial knowledge, he may be
the more in loue with the
riches of thy kingedome,
and bid al earthlie vanities
auant.

Now, most mercifull Fa-
ther, for that the helpes to
holines of life are infinite:
some, and those singular,
consisting in thy Gospell
preached: some, and those
notable, in sinceritie of
con-

A Praier

conuersation , and examples of godlines expressed: some, and those speciall, in exhortations tending vnto Christianitie declared: some, and those heauenlie, in praiers and supplications conteyned : maye it please thee, of thine vnspeakable goodnes, o mercifull Father , to gyue vs grace so to imprinte them in our memories , and to haue them sealed in our heartes, that the course of our whole life may testifie to the world, that thy gifts in vs are not voyd and frustrate, barren and fruiteles,

p. 5.

vaine

A Praier

vaine and vnused. Least being otherwise, it chaunce vnto vs, as vnto him that knitting vpp his talent in a napkin, & hiding the same in the ground, had not on-lye the same taken from him, but was also cast into vtter darknesse for his ydle nes & vnprofitable seruice.

Among al which helps, ô eternal God, and faithfull ouerseer of our soules, for that this, whych wee haue in hande, is not of least account, since thereout wee sucke the sweet sap of comforte, the assistance of thy spirite beeyng present with

vs:

A praier.

vs: wee beseech thee with
al submission, to direct our
vnderstandings, to increase
our faith: to confirme our
hope, to kindle our zeale,
to guide all our affections,
and to gouerne the whole
course of our life: that
exercisinge our selues in
this, or anye other godlye
volume, published for the
edification of thy Church,
wee may vse it and them
with integritie & vpright-
nes of iudgement, with de-
uotion voyd of hypocrisie,
with faithfull inuocation,
with humilitie and submis-
sion: that inuering our selues
to

A praier.

to praier vntainedlie, wee
may obtaine that whiche
we pray for effectually, and
for the same ministred vn-
to vs in time of necessitie,
with hart and voice extoll
thy most dreadful maiesty:
to whome bee all honour,
glorie, power and domini-
on euerlastingle: To this
let all people say A-
men most ioy-
fullie: A-
men.

FINIS.



¶ A Catalog contey-
ning the seueral titles of eue-
 ry praier, and treatise compri-
 sed in this booke, easie to be found
by the true number of
the page.

1	The first Morning praier	1
2	Second morning praier.	3
3	Third morning praier.	6
4	Fourth morning praier.	8
5	First euening praier.	10
6	Second euening praier.	13
7	Thiud euening praier.	15
8	Fourth euening praier.	17
9	A praier for all times against the power of Satan.	19
10	Another.	21
11	A praier for all afflicted Christians.	23
12	Another.	25
13	A	

A Catalog or Table.

13	A generall Confession of finnes.	31
14	Another.	33
15	A praier for humilitie.	35
16	Another for charitie.	37
17	A praier for the mortifica- tion of the flesh.	40
18	Another.	42
19	A praier for the obtaining of grace.	44
20	Another.	46
21	A praier for patience in af- fliction.	48
22	Another.	50
23	A praier in time of per- secution.	52
24	Another.	55
25	A praier againste the eny- mies of the truth.	57
26	Another.	59
27	A praier for the sicke.	61
	28 Another.	

A Catalog or Table.

28 Another.	64
29 A Confession for the sicke.	
pag.	66
30 Another.	68
31 A praier against desperati-	
on.	70
32 Another.	75
33 Another.	78
34 A Praier for the auoidance	
of Gods wrath.	80
35 A praier for remission of	
sinnes.	82
36 Another.	85
37 Another.	87
38 A praier for increase of	
faith.	89
39 A praier to bee sayde at the	
houre of death.	123
40 A prayer for the truth.	
pag.	125
41 A praier for peace.	131
42 A	

A Catalog or Table.

- | | | |
|----|--|-----|
| 42 | A praier in time of warre. | |
| | pag. | 133 |
| 43 | A praier in time of dearth. | |
| | pag. | 139 |
| 44 | A praier againste the feare
of death. | 141 |
| 45 | Another. | 146 |
| 46 | Another. | 147 |
| 47 | Another in forme of a con-
fession. | 149 |



**Peculiar Praiers ap-
pliable to particular per-
sons of sundrie states
and degrees.**

- 1 **A** Praier for the Queene.
pag. 27
- 2 A praier for all Maiestrates,
pag. 29
- 3 A praier for preachers. 94
- 4 A praier for the increase of
preachers, 96
- 5 A praier for the Schoolmai-
ster. 98
- 6 Another. 101
- 7 A praier for Schollers. 103
- 8 The mothers praier for the
good education of her
youth. 105
- 9 The fathers praier. 107
- 10 The childes praier. 109
- 11 The

A catalog or Table

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| 11. | The Husbandmans praier. | |
| | pag. | 111 |
| 12 | The maydseruants' praier. | |
| | pag. | 113 |
| 13 | A praier for a woman with
child. | 116 |
| 14 | A praier for a Woman in
trauel. | 118 |
| 15 | A praier for the Prysoners. | |
| | pag. | 121 |
| 16 | A praier for the Plough-
man. | 127 |
| 17 | A praier for the blessing of
his labour | 129 |
| 18 | A praier for the Captaine. | |
| | pag. | 135 |
| 19 | A praier for the Souldiour. | |
| | pag. | 137 |
| 20 | A praier for the Rich man. | |
| | pag. | 158 |
| 21 | Another. | 160 |
| | 22 The | |

A catalog or Table.

22	The beggers praier.	162
23	Another.	164
24	The widowes praier.	166
25	The Tenants praier.	168
26	The fatherles childs praier.	
	pag.	170

22 ♡ Fiue notable treatises,
and one deuout praier or-
derlie placed as they fol-
low in the leafe.

1 **A** Sword against the feare
of death deuided into
three weapons. 173

The first weapon. ibid.

The Second weapon. 184

The Third weapon. 203

2 A battell betweene the Dy-
uell and the Conscience.

pag. 213

The cal of Conscience in con-
flict,

A Catalogor Table.

	flit, for succour againſte preſent danger.	223
3	The deade mans School.	225
4	A lodge for Lazarus.	243
5	A retrait from ſinne.	285
6	A praier vnto Almightye God, that the vſe of this booke may be for our edi- fication, made by A. F.	329

Glorie to God:
AMEN.

FINIS.



1593.



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Cum privilegio Regis. Maiestatis.

~~Yoshin~~
~~Yoshin~~

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